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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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VOL XXXIX NO 22  
AUGUST 24-1907

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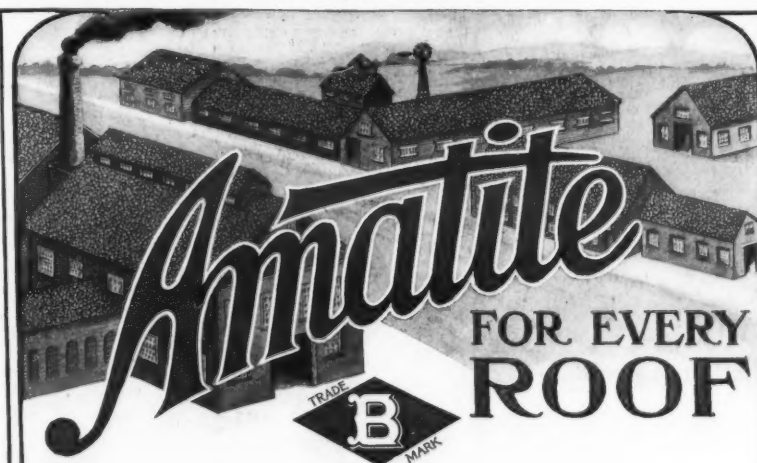
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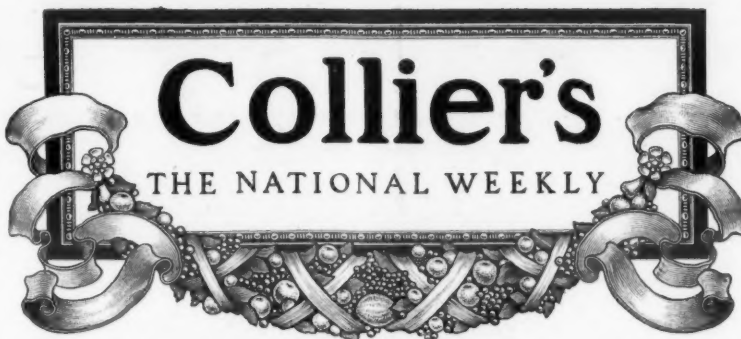
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1907

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The final article of the series on the West Coast of Africa, by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "Old Calabar," which was originally scheduled to appear on July 27, will be printed in the issue of September 7.

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THE SHADOWS AT THE WATER HOLE

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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**T**HE JAPANESE WAR ALARM is now obscured, but the Japanese question remains. A situation which promised unpleasant complications, if it had to be met while the parties to it were inflamed with war talk, ought to be an urgent subject for treatment at the earliest opportunity of calm. All the Japanese that were on the Pacific Coast when their presence caused excitement, remain there; and their numbers increase with every ship. Between what they want, and what the Pacific Coast is willing to grant them, the difference remains as wide as ever, and somewhere in the debated field of privileges is a point at which one party or the other may decide to yield no more. If international discussion and diplomacy can discover whether there is such a point, and where it is, the present is a good time for the effort, for anti-Japanese feeling on the Coast is sure from time to time to repeat its violence.

## THE JAP ON THE COAST

**T**O THE PROJECT of sending our fleet for a practise cruise on the Pacific Ocean, Japanese public opinion seems to have become sensibly reconciled. The United States has two coasts to defend, and but one fleet, which, in the final test of its efficiency, must act as a whole. As our fleet can not be in two oceans at once, there is no reason why it should always be in one. On the contrary, there is every reason why it should repeatedly visit both. That long cruise around the Horn is a test of efficiency and a schooling to every officer. It should not be made for the first time on an occasion when mishaps will be fatal. Our navy has grown fast in vessels and personnel. With the battleships of the *Louisiana* class completed, Admiral EVANS has a homogeneous fleet, whose fighting strength is dependent on the working harmony of all its parts; and this can only be gained by the fullest practise in time of peace for any emergency in war. It may have to fight either on the Atlantic or on the Pacific, and to travel the sea road which connects the two is a manoeuvre no more sinister than a route march of the regulars, or manning the defenses of New York with militia in a sham battle.

## DEFENDING TWO OCEANS

**F**OR THE NOVELTIES which it had the courage to put into its new constitution, Oklahoma deserves better treatment than the ridicule of those who cry "Populism." Few aspects of public sentiment have been more obvious during the past few years than impatience with some constitutional rigidities, and the demand for innovations, definite and indefinite. To engraft these changes on a constitution already written is difficult; Oklahoma's situation offered a happy opportunity. That we are able to try these novelties experimentally in a field which comprises less than one-fortieth of the nation's whole population, puts the rest of the country under obligations to the newest State. Soon we shall know how works in practise the often-advocated plan of letting a three-fourths vote of a jury constitute a verdict. England just now is well convinced that the initiative and referendum is wise, but hesitates to adopt it because the whole of the country, or none, must undergo the experiment. For the United States, the experience of Oklahoma will soon furnish a guide as to just how the general principle must be altered and adapted to be made practical.

**"W**HEN 'OMER SMOTE 'is bloomin' lyre," his music probably disturbed the mental processes of a land thief. Winning the soil from a weaker possessor is an ancient, if dishonorable, occupation. So much we grant to Mr. W. B. PINE

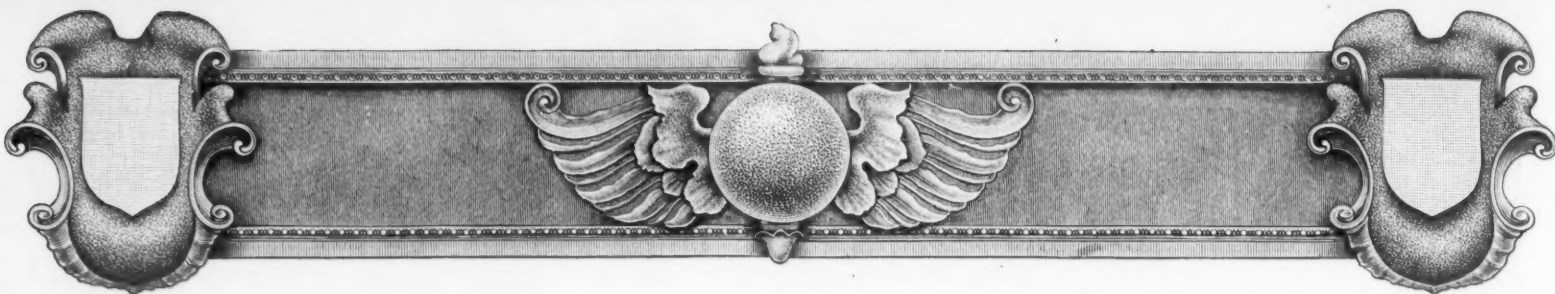
of Gotebo, Oklahoma, but we don't follow him into the inference that antiquity makes it honorable. Mr. PINE writes: "Your recent editorial concerning Oklahomans and Indian lands convicts you of insincerity or ignorance. The Indians here get from five to one hundred dollars per acre for their land. What was the price paid for the present site of New York? Yet you erect monuments and otherwise honor the white robber; yet you retain the spoils. Disgorge and pull down your monuments or—shut up." Another correspondent from Hartshorne, Indian Territory, says that our idea of the Indian is no more modern than Leatherstocking and FENIMORE COOPER. The tribesmen we tried to picture as victims of the white speculators of Oklahoma are, in fact, "fully aware of the value of the land from which restrictions have been removed." And anyway, adds this optimistic person, if the Indian does get the worst of it, spending his money foolishly, he is in no worse case than the "pore white," who "really works for every dollar he has," while the Indian's money "comes to him with no forethought or labor on his part." It is cheering to hear that some Indians are capable of caring for their land and appreciating its value. For the good of the less sophisticated, it is essential to retain the restrictions which make it impossible for the Indian to sell his land.

## THE INDIAN IS LEARNING

**F**ROM LONDON, three times within three months, has come the announcement, "English consols sold to-day at the lowest point for sixty years." Folks to whom "consols" are mysterious things, and high finance an intricate dullness, are touched intimately by the same condition when they pay the grocer's bill. It's a complicated matter, and high authorities make inconsistent guesses about the cause. Mr. ROCKEFELLER is the latest addition to that group, beginning with Lord ROTHSCHILD, who say it is all caused by one thing, and that one thing a gentleman just now enjoying a restful summer at Oyster Bay. The suggestion, made in this paper, that the great and sudden growth in the world's gold supply has much to do with it, meets with antagonistic comment. More than one cause there is, of course. In this country, for many years, the owners of accumulated capital have been teased to furnish money for tunnels, bridges, new railroads, and new cars, for extensions to factories, mills, and all manner of industrial enterprises; in Egypt the Assouan dam represents a large investment which is beginning to worry the investors, and capital is now solicited to build an extension; Germany has had as great an industrial boom as we; Russia and Japan destroyed property for two years, borrowed huge sums to feed unproductive and destructive armies, and later borrowed again to replace their destruction; the San Francisco earthquake and fire destroyed a mass of invested capital which now must be replaced. From all sides the lender has been assailed with requests to lend; naturally his store has run low and his terms have risen. Meanwhile, nature is busy twenty-four hours a day. Out of the generous earth, with a small outlay of capital, of rain and sunshine, and a quantity of labor which is comparatively infinitesimal, will come an addition to the world's wealth of twenty billion dollars, a crop many times greater than the wealth of all the trusts combined.

## MONEY

**M**R. DARROW'S LONG SPEECH before the Haywood jury ought to be printed in full. It should not be lost as a theme for profitable discussion along many lines. "Labor unions," said he, "are often brutal, they are often cruel, they are often unjust. . . . I don't care how many wrongs they commit. . . . I don't care how many brutalities they are



guilty of. I know that their cause is just." This is pretty clear, as an omnibus endorsement of crime and violence on the part of labor unions. A little later on, Mr. DARROW is more specific: "If DEWEY was marshal at Victor, I hope you fellows will forgive our fellows for doing anything they did except leaving him alive—you would not forgive us for that." Again, evidently slapping at ORCHARD as an informer, DARROW said: "If BILLY AIKMAN has committed a crime, he has stood by his fellows and looked his God in the face and kept a stout heart." By this, Mr. DARROW means, of

#### MR. DARROW'S SPEECH

course, that he finds it possible to forgive ORCHARD as a murderer, but heartily condemns him as an informer. Without desiring to be unnecessarily captious with a pleader making an emotional appeal to a jury, it might be interesting to question how far a lawyer may properly go in addressing a jury in behalf of his client. The plain inference from Mr. DARROW's argument is that he endorses crime so long as the criminal carries a union card, and doesn't tell. In any event, he, a lawyer sworn to uphold the law, argues that crime is just under certain conditions. Is he, as a citizen, liberal, and loose in his logic, to the same degree?

WHEN THE NORTH tells the South how to manage its affairs, and the South resents the spirit of condescending interference in which the advice is given, one may entertain much sympathy with the South's spirit, quite apart from the merit of the North's good intentions. Southerners in due time will find or make a solution for all their embarrassing situations, called "problems" by the North, many of which were forced on them by the North during Reconstruction days. That the South has both an intelligent understanding of its difficulties and the will to meet them is illustrated in a speech made before the Mississippi State Bar Association by Mr. LEROY PERCY, and reprinted, at the suggestion of President ROOSEVELT, in a recent number of the "Outlook." One strong sentence strikes the key of the speech: "It is idle to talk about stopping the education of the negro; there is no voluntary retrogression in civilization." And the South itself had better furnish the means for this education. The failure to do so, as Mr. PERCY points out, on the theory

#### THE SOUTH'S "PROBLEMS"

that it is better to keep the negro in ignorance, would furnish the very theme by which millions would be obtained from other sections of the country, and part of the resulting education would be hostility to the South:

"If we could stop his education we should not do so. I deny as an academic question that the negro's usefulness is impaired by education. I deny that any man is rendered worse by having his intelligence quickened, his mental horizon widened. I deny from observation and actual experience that a rudimentary education makes a negro a more inefficient farmer. I own a place in Washington County entirely tenanted by negroes. I do not believe that a more desirable set of negro tenants can be found upon any property in the South, and more than eighty per cent of them can read and write.

"The negro must be educated to the extent necessary to enable him to know whether he is being rightly or wrongly treated. Any other idea is monstrous and intolerable because of its harshness and cruelty. But not as a matter of justice to him alone is his education necessary, but because the industrial development of the South demands it."

Prejudice or ignorance so commonly are the very positions from which this problem is approached that mere common sense takes on something of the impressiveness of inspired altruism. Intelligent selfishness is one of the most potent forces by which the world gets forward; care for its own industrial progress, if nothing else, will cause the South to deal rightly with the question of negro education and negro industrial training—either or both in the proportions which are most desirable.

"MISSISSIPPI COULD BE CARICATURED," said this Mississippian, using an illustration applicable to other Southern neighborhoods, "with both heels firmly planted in the earth, and both hands firmly clasping the coat-tails of the fleeing negro, in one breath upbraiding him for his worthlessness and inefficiency, and in the other vowing that no other laborer should be allowed to replace him. To drive the negro out in a mass would mean industrial revolution; to rest the development of the South upon the negro alone means industrial

paralysis." He may not be driven out, but he may be, to an extent, encouraged out, so to speak, by education and a place opened for white immigration. But there is another reason which demands the negro's education. "I assert," said Mr. PERCY, "that the education of the negro, to the extent indicated, is necessary for the preservation of the character and moral integrity of the white men of the South. There is no greater temptation known to man than the hourly, daily, yearly dealing with an ignorant, trusting people. There has been no race known to history that could long withstand this deadly, insidious attack. . . . The money improperly taken, because of his helplessness, from the negro, it is true, leaves him little poorer, but it infinitely degrades him who takes

#### NEGRO EDUCATION

it. There are no two brands of honesty. You can not be dishonest in dealing with the negro and remain honest in your dealings with other men. . . . There is no quack nostrum to be used in solving the negro problem. There is no 'get-well-quick' remedy. It can and will be worked out, but it will be through time, it may be through generations. It must be worked out with infinite patience, with absolute honesty, and fair dealing, and with that steadfast courage with which Southern men have met every danger by which they have been confronted." Self-interest, as well as justice, demands that the negro should not be kept in helpless ignorance. Such Southerners as Mr. PERCY and such sentiments as his will find approval in the South because they are sensible, and because there is no suspicion as to the genuine sympathy of their source.

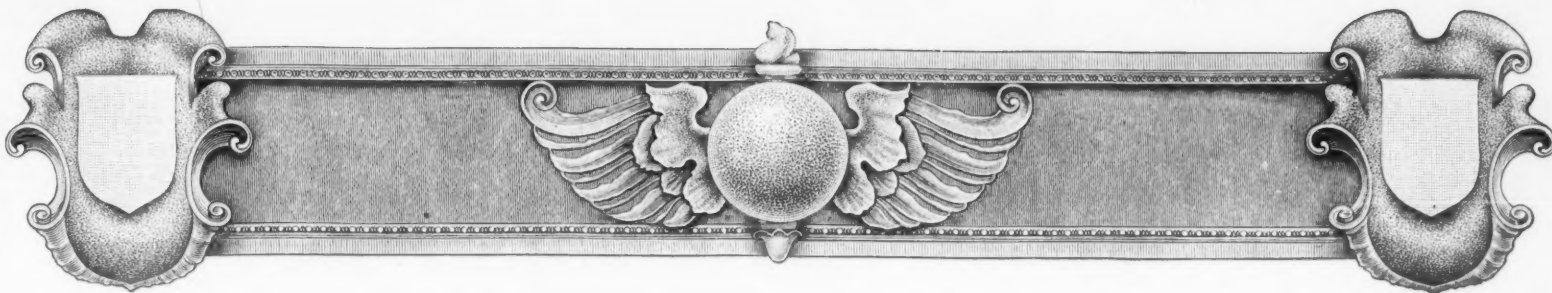
FROM A LONG, and presumably pained, silence, the Press Committee of the Proprietary Association of America emerges with a manifesto addressed to the religious press. It is, in substance, an appeal to the churchly tools of the Great American Fraud, to stand by their generous patrons, and it is backed up by a rehash of the Association's discredited attempt to disprove the charges made in this paper against the dangerous and fraudulent nostrums. "It is true," admits the circular with a fine appearance of impartiality, "that among the manufacturers of 'patent' medicines, some are justly open to criticism." Quite often, indeed; and it is to be remembered always that the Proprietary Association represents in its membership and control all of the most fraudulent, most of the most dangerous, and many of the most indecent phases of the trade. But the really illuminating portion of the Association circular comes at the very end. The document is

#### PARTNERS

signed "The Press Committee, by E. F. KEMP." This KEMP is the man who collected the "data" which OHMANN-DUMESNIL, the quack editor of the now defunct St. Louis "Medical and Surgical Journal," printed over his own name, as a refutation of COLLIER's attack on the deadly headache powders. He is also the man who has been sending out to newspapers innocent-appearing articles embodying "statistics" to show that patent medicine fatalities are an insignificant item in the mortality records from poisoning, these articles purporting to be the bona-fide work of a genuine investigation. Now, the delectable KEMP appears in his true colors as an employee of the Proprietary Association. The Great American Fraud, Incorporated, Dealers in Fake Promises, Secret Poisons, and Tainted News! Messrs. CHENEY, BEARDSLEY, KILMER, and the rest are to be congratulated upon their acquisition of Mr. KEMP. He belongs properly in that gallery.

RED WING, MINNESOTA, used to be like any other little Middle Western town—a homelike, livable place, but a bit scraggly about the edges. Then somebody left a bequest for a municipal auditorium. The dedication of the auditorium brought a lecturer on esthetics. The eloquent city attorney likened the town's little playhouse to the Théâtre Français. The esthetics man told about Chippendale and true art in furniture. He made the Red Wingers shiver by explaining the influence of environment, and the effect of color and beauty on symmetrical development. Just look at the angleworm, he said. The impulse toward beauty was suddenly quickened in the minds of public-spirited citizens who, till then, had had burdocks and dandelions in their front yards, and ancient





lawn-mowers reclining in graceful abandon in sequestered nooks. Result—the Civic League. Its labors make a stirring tale.

"Weeds and dandelions began to disappear," chants our Red Wing correspondent. "Many gentlemen whose generous proportions implied inertia were seen in the jungles on their premises hewing down the growth now so offensive to the public eye. The antediluvian mowers were brought out and oiled. Toothless rakes were taken to the dentist, and the crusade of extermination was on. The whir of the mower blended with the croakings of frogs and creakings of crickets far into the night. Flower beds appeared in front lawns. Ministers and children labored in backyard gardens. The town was awake!"

"The Junior League, with the public school teachers in command, were enlisted. Stray papers were stabbed by umbrellas in the hands of zealous Leaguers, and the accumulation removed, no more to offend the sight or frighten coquettish horses.

"The League became active in the Council, and overhead signs were banished. Garbage cans were placed at principal street corners and protected by ordinance. The searchlight of art was next turned upon those canker sores—posters and placards—that insult the eye of the beauty-worshiper on every hand. Our chief philanthropist enlisted the energies of the boys of the Junior League by offering prizes to those who would bring in the greatest number of posters at a specified time. The young crusaders started out on their still hunt, and every fence and telegraph pole within city limits was stripped. On the day set for distribution of prizes at our Carnegie Library, the streets were alive with boys, with arms full of signs, boys with carts groaning under loads of them, boys with creaking wheelbarrows. The philanthropist made a speech and distributed prizes, and there was abundant enthusiasm and free lemonade.

#### RED WING'S AWAKENING

"Next we turned our feverish eyes on the river front and beheld what gave us renewed courage—rows upon rows of dilapidated boat-houses and fish shacks. Here were new fields to conquer. These vanished to limbo. The river was filled in to make room for a levee park. The railroad was persuaded to build a new depot. This now overlooks the park which is made beautiful with a shore drive. It has a retaining sea wall of concrete and beautifully molded curbs of the same material. The park is at the gateway of the city, and leading up from it is the principal avenue of approach. On it is located the civic centre, consisting of the Municipal Auditorium, Carnegie Library, and Federal Post-Office (this last has not yet been built, but has been located), and there is room for more. And the end is not yet. No, not yet!"

And Red Wing is only one in hundreds. The Middle West is changing. The old "fair-grounds" is polished into a park with a Soldiers' Monument, the ash-dumps along the river-bank give way to the "Shore Drive" macadam. It's all in the way of improvement, generally, and there is plenty of room for it. May the time never come, however, when the Mississippi Valley will become so conventional that the editor of the Emporia "Gazette" will have to give up the fun of getting out the hose and watering his own front lawn.

THE TREND TOWARD stringent restriction of the sale and consumption of liquor would be observed, if it were not obscured by the louder noises of our pursuit of corporations, as a national movement of impressive size and importance. Who that has the old idea of Kentucky will not be surprised to learn that, in 94 of the 119 counties of that State, no liquor is sold? Quite as potent are minor evidences of social pressure against the making and selling of liquor. In one of the most important of the secret societies in Kentucky, makers of liquor will no longer be admitted, and those already in will not be advanced. In Ohio, East Liverpool, with a population of 25,000 and 53 saloons, has gone "dry," an incident whose significance lies in the fact that this is the largest city in the State that has ever voted "no license." One striking evidence of the spread of anti-saloon zeal

#### PROHIBITION

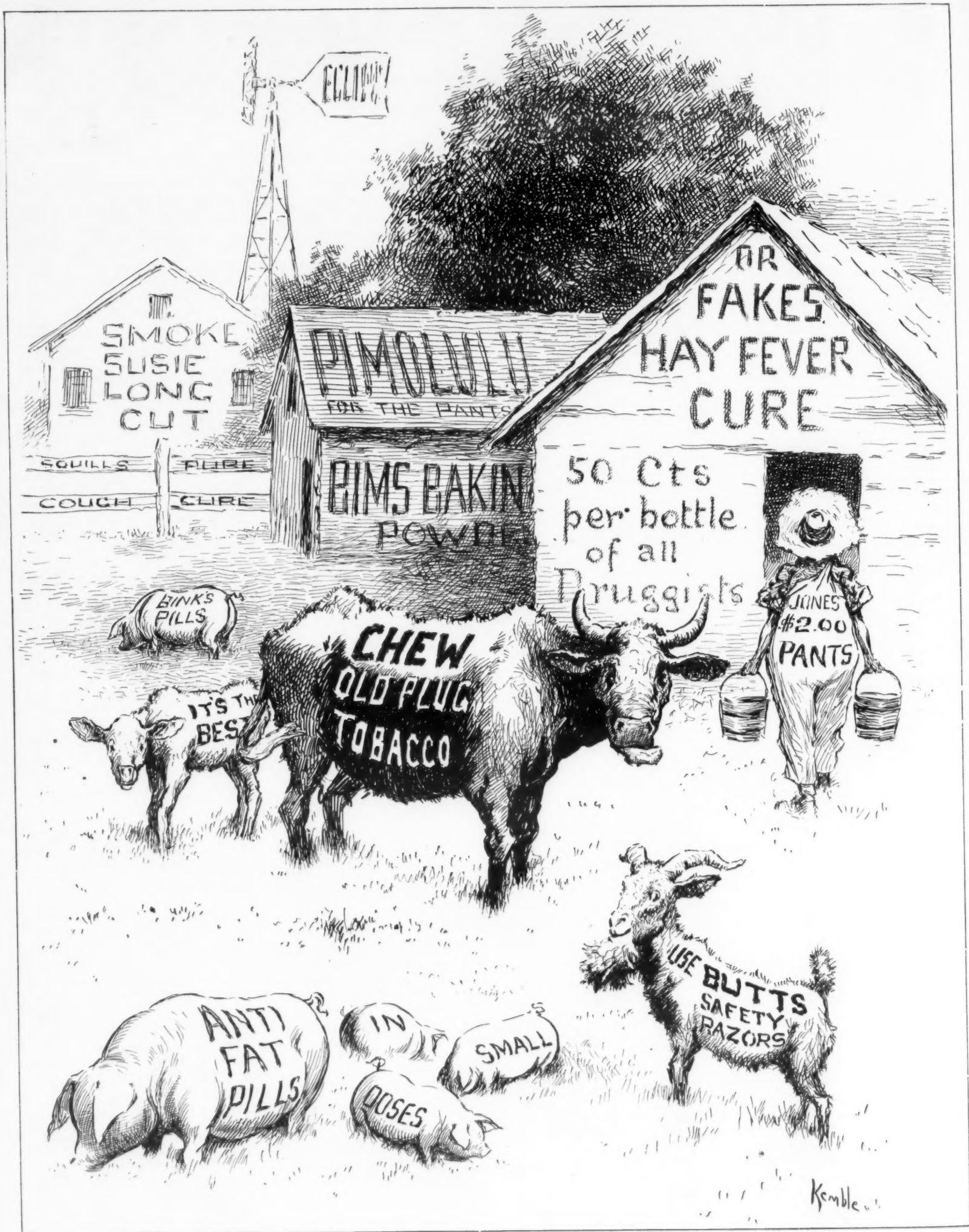
is the increased number and importance of local Prohibition papers. In Texas, 154 counties have abolished the liquor business, and the Georgia Legislature has within a few weeks passed a Prohibition statute for the entire State. There are evidences of more passionate zeal than is expressed in statutes. In Valdosta, Georgia, women and children stood all day at the polls, converting voter after voter as he was on the point of depositing his ballot. In Hawkinsville, Georgia, "every woman and child in the town was on hand, singing hymns and psalms." Judge SAMUEL ARTMAN of Boone County, Indiana, rendered a decision to the effect that the saloon is so evil an institution that a State licensing law is unconstitutional, urging in his opinion that the State can not delegate the right to "make widows and orphans, break up homes, and create misery and crime." Barrow, Georgia, voted

1,715 "dry" and only 94 "wet." The South, indeed, is the conspicuous leader in the anti-saloon movement. In fifteen Southern States, from one-half to four-fifths of the counties are "dry" under the local-option law. There is a good deal of insight in the remark of the Memphis "News-Scimitar" that "the South is leading the country in moral reforms as the North is in economic reforms."

SO THOROUGHLY HAS the South freed itself from the old-time sectional feeling that it is curious to find this used, with a sort of calculated contempt, as basis for a dubious business. The advertisement from which the following excerpts are taken appears in the Raleigh "Christian Advocate" of Raleigh, North Carolina, and is headed, "Get Some Yankee Money." "Others are doing it," incites the appeal. "Plenty of it North. Reach out and get some. Many are crazy to own something South. Often it's just to say they have it. A great many buy without seeing. Where lots are 20 by 200 feet and selling \$200 to \$200,000 each, high prices South sound cheap. Eager to buy as children after toys. . . . But don't make the mistake of asking too little." This enticement is signed by a man named FINLAYSON who hails from Brooklyn. To the contemplative mind, unheated of hopeful greed, it looks as if Mr. FINLAYSON were inviting his prospective clients to engage with him in fleecing a whole species of rich but imbecile outlanders. What a picture this conjures up of a rapacious South hastening, under the leadership of FINLAYSON (through the mails) to despoil the gullible Yankee! One may be excused for suspecting, however (and there is support for this theory on other pages of the Raleigh "Christian Advocate"), that the siren-voiced FINLAYSON's stock-in-trade, experience and special capabilities in selling Southern real estate to Northern dupes, is mostly imagination, and that followers of his schemes will get few Northern dollars upon these terms, though, doubtless, they will contribute some of their own funds to FINLAYSON. For it is quite obvious, when his remarkable advertisement receives the studious attention which it merits, that its real target is not Northern gullibility, but Southern credulousness.

THE FAVORITISM OF NATURE is a topic upon which, when in melancholic and indigestive mood, we reflect with bitterness of spirit. Here is the sort of thing which, culled from our morning paper, stirs us to resentment. "Three-year-old ISAAC WANKOWSKI climbed out upon the top fire-escape balcony of an Essex Street tenement yesterday, and fell into the courtyard, escaping with a few bruises." Or, "PATRICK MULLIGAN stepped into the elevator shaft of the new skyscraper building in St. Louis last Sunday, and landed ten stories below, with nothing broken but his pipe." Now, we are convinced, though not empirically, that we couldn't perform this sort of feat with any degree of success. For us the gutter-lurking integument of the tropic banana shakes the very fundamentals of the universe, whereas these persons, presumably of no superior attainments, successfully resist that attraction of gravitation which so powerfully acts upon the more susceptible. This discrimination in natural, and hypothetically immutable, laws fills us with a gnawing jealousy. It isn't fair. Were Nature the just and equitable goddess she is represented to be, we could float lightly down from formidable heights as well as the fortunate MULLIGAN and the infantile WANKOWSKI. Upon what spongy mushroom growth doth PATRICK feed, that he can drop so far and land so lightly? Fain would we climb, if we but knew we'd fall like ISAAC, on flowery beds of asphalt, so to speak. However, if it lies not within our power to emulate these lofty tumblers, we may at least suggest a means of turning their weird accomplishments to account. They should start an academy for prospective fliers. Aerial navigation is their field. This science has been on the wrong track. The crux of the matter, as DARIUS GREEN long since pointed out, is how to land. Let our students of human flight, for the time being, give over their experiments with aeroplanes and motors, and, sitting at the feet of experience, learn how to accomplish the descent of man without hazard to life or limb.

FACILIS  
DESCENSUS



## PICTURESQUE AMERICA

FROM A CAR WINDOW

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



# THE DIARY OF A SMALL INVESTOR

## A RECORD OF ACTUAL TRANSACTIONS IN CHEAP STOCKS

### III.—THE "SUCKER'S" MARKET

In his two previous articles, printed on August 10 and August 17, Mr. Flower described his experiences in buying advertised stocks and in trying, unsuccessfully, to borrow money from Chicago banks, using the stocks as collateral. The final instalment of the series, next week, will examine the value of the "references" furnished by the promoters of wild-cat mines and industrial schemes in order to tempt the doubting investor

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

**SUNDAY, May 12.**—It grows worse and worse. Unless I can sell back to the people who sold to me, I see no chance of getting anything for my stock. The promoters are the only people who seem to have any faith in the quotations they give. Even the newspapers refuse to say a good word for their own advertisers. Indeed, I don't understand the newspapers at all. They speak slightly of the companies they advertise, but they keep on advertising them—all except the "Examiner," which keeps on advertising them and says nothing that is not friendly. But I haven't much confidence in the "Examiner."

The "Tribune" is facetious in its description of a suit begun against the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line. One would be justified in believing that it regards the company's claims as preposterous, and it has this to say about Alexander C. Miller, the president of the company:

"Mr. Miller several years ago exploited the Miller signal device in Aurora and that neighborhood, and sold, it is asserted, \$200,000 worth of stock to his friends, none of whom ever received any financial return for it."

That looks bad. And yet, the advertisements of the company continue to appear in the "Tribune," and the "Tribune" must be responsible for many of the subscriptions to the capital stock.

That doesn't affect me, of course, except as it destroys confidence in the other advertising. It was through the "Tribune" that I was led to buy my Greenback Wonder stock, and I don't feel very friendly toward it in consequence. It occurred to me that it would be interesting to know whether the news and advertising columns are as far apart in that matter as in the other. I couldn't see that the knowledge was going to do me much good, as I already had the stock, but it would be some satisfaction to know what the publisher had to say about the advertiser. To be more certain of a reply, I wrote as a prospective investor, asking specifically about Greenback Wonder—"If there is any reason to doubt the good faith of the advertiser and the reasonableness of the hopes he holds out." And this is the evasive reply that I got:

"CHICAGO, May 11, 1907

"R. E. WOLFE, 505 TACOMA BUILDING, CHICAGO:

"Dear Sir—Your letter to the publisher has been referred to me for reply.

"We are at all times willing to assist our subscribers whenever possible. A matter of this kind, however, should be passed upon by your banker. We do not feel competent to advise on matters of investment securities.

"Some of these concerns that advertise are good, and some are not. It is all a matter of more or less speculation, and we would not care to say anything either for or against any of them.

"Very truly yours,  
"HARRISON M. PARKER, Advertising Manager."

Nowhere does he answer my specific questions; nowhere does he venture one favorable word for the advertiser; nowhere does he say whether he considers 110 per cent annual dividends a reasonable or a false hope. In fact, he dodges. And a publication that says of its advertisers and their schemes: "Some are good and some are not," is certainly not very particular as to the use made of its columns. But I had already reached that conclusion. They have made a little money that they don't need, and I have lost some that I do need. I presume the publisher and the editor ease their consciences with the reflection that "it's business." I notice that they are still advertising Greenback Wonder, the concern to which they dare not give the most ordinary business recommendation.

#### Proof of the Advertised Pudding

THE "Record-Herald" is almost as puzzling. Last Tuesday it published a cartoon that clearly indicated editorial condemnation of the mining schemes that promise big profits, but two days before it had the advertisement of the Bonanza Belt Copper Company, which was offering stock at 50 per cent of its par value, and assuring investors that they might hope for annual dividends of nearly 35 per cent on the par value, or nearly 70 per cent on the investment. I notice it has none of these display advertisements to-day, however. Perhaps the advertisers didn't like the cartoon.

But what the papers say now doesn't help me; I already had a good deal of evidence that you can't believe what you see in the advertising columns, and all this only confirms it. Why wasn't I wise enough to put it up to the papers before I invested?

#### Trying to Sell Gold Bricks at Second Hand

EVEN the stock brokers give me no hope. I wrote to some that make a specialty of mining stocks, offering my Cobalt Certainty and Greenback Wonder, but the advertised prices certainly don't prevail when a fellow wants to sell.

B. H. Scheffels & Company, 122 Monroe Street, sent this reply:

"CHICAGO, May 10, 1907

"Mr. R. E. WOLFE, 505 TACOMA BUILDING, CHICAGO:

"Dear Sir—Replying to yours of to-day.

"We know of no market for Cobalt Certainty or Nevada Greenback Wonder. Should we have any inquiries for any of these stocks we will communicate with you promptly.

"Thanking you for the inquiry, we are, yours truly,

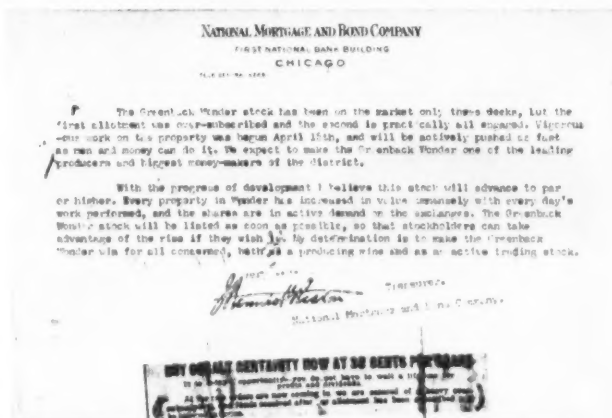
"B. H. SCHEFFELS & CO."

Mark T. Leonard & Co., 1201 Stock Exchange Building, seem to have misunderstood my letter, but in view of what they say, it seems hardly worth while to explain to them again that I want to sell.

"CHICAGO, May 11, 1907

"R. E. WOLFE, ESQ., 505 TACOMA BUILDING, CHICAGO:

"Dear Sir—In answer to your letter of the 10th inst., will



#### PROMOTERS' ESTIMATES OF THE VALUE OF STOCKS

J. Renwick Preston believed that Greenback Wonder, bought at 15 cents, would go to par; Cone Brothers were equally sure of Cobalt Certainty



#### A BROKER'S REPORT ON THE VALUE OF THE SHARES

B. H. Scheffels & Company advertise that they are specialists in mining stocks, yet they could find no market for the Preston and Cone stocks

say that the stocks which you mention are new propositions just out, and there is neither a bid nor ask price on the same so far as the street is concerned. However, if you wish to buy any of it and will make us a firm bid and give us a few days to look the matter up, we will see if we can pick it up for you. Possibly by bidding some of the miners in the locality of the property we might be able to do so.

"Thanking you for the inquiry, we remain, yours very truly,

MARK T. LEONARD & CO."

New propositions! Well, I don't know how old they are, but they have been advertising in the Sunday papers pretty steadily for the last two or three months. Where now is the advertised profit—the increased price? And what does this mean?

William Berg, who was promoting King Leopold, and who assured me that it was going up, now puts 15,000 shares of it in a list of stocks of which he advertises: "No reasonable offer refused." I am glad I did not go into that, but it adds to my doubts of everything else. And the Lord knows I have reason enough to doubt without that. Where is the stock dividend he mentioned to me?

Monday, May 13.—To-day I went to see Donald A. Campbell & Company, Stock Exchange Building. I was told that this firm makes a specialty of unlisted mining stocks, and that they can sell anything in that line that can be sold. But the young man that I saw first was decidedly discouraging. I offered him the railroad as well as the mining stocks.

"No call at all for these," he said.

"They're quoted in the advertising right along," I urged.

He took them to an older man, who looked them over and then invited me inside the railing.

"The advertising is about the only place where they are quoted now," said the man. "They're new propositions, and nobody can tell anything about them until they are developed."

He showed me a map of the Wonder country. It was all plastered over with claims—they were so thick that they seemed to overlap each other—and he explained that those colored red or green were the producing mines. Very few were so colored. As nearly as I could estimate, the Greenback Wonder was some two or three miles from the nearest mine that could yet boast of profitable ore.

"But I may be able to pick up a purchaser for your stocks," said the man, "if you're willing to go enough below the quoted price. You can't sell on the street for that, you know."

I did know it by this time. I had thought the price given was the price at which anybody could sell, but it was becoming very plain to me that, for some reason, only the promoter could get it.

I told him that Cobalt Certainty had gone up 20 per cent since I bought it.

"Well, you can't make anything on that, then," he said, "for you'll get considerably under the advertised price."

I finally agreed to let them all go at a third off, if he could make a quick sale, and he said he would see what he could do. But he didn't seem to be very hopeful.

Somehow, I don't feel quite comfortable about this. If there is no market for these stocks with men whose business it is to know values, is it exactly fair to unload them on others? Isn't it a sort of confidence game?

#### Mr. Cone's Fatherly Advice

TUESDAY, May 14.—I guess it's all right, after all. William C. Cone of Cone Brothers, from whom I bought the Cobalt Certainty, says he thinks he can sell that stock for me at the present price, which will mean a 20 per cent profit for me. Mr. Cone was very nice about it. They have been so successful with their sales that my little bunch of stock is hardly worth considering; it isn't a drop in the bucket, and they could take it off my hands themselves without knowing there had been a change in the totals, unless the bookkeeper called their attention to it. He showed me a telegram that proved that. I didn't quite get the total of shares sold at 25 cents, but it was high up in the thousands of shares.

Mr. Cone advised me strongly not to sell, but

I told him my circumstances made it absolutely necessary for me to get money on my stock in some way. I made it pretty strong.

"In that case," he said, "I can probably sell your stock for you at 30 this week. I've done better than that for some people." How he did it I'm puzzled to figure out. The advertised price is now 30—has never been higher. It has been selling at 25.

I have decided that I don't want any stock that has only a newspaper market—that the bankers won't touch and the brokers don't recognize. I don't like a thing that only one man can sell, for it seems to indicate that all the value lies in the salesman. Except for Cone, I should be helpless.

#### Preston Also an Adviser to the Reckless

**WEDNESDAY, May 15.**—Better and better! J. Renwick Preston says he will take my Greenback Wonder stock himself. He says he doesn't make a practise of this, but he will do it in this instance as a favor to me. I don't quite understand this, for he advertises that he will do as much for any one—that is, that he will sell Cobalt Certainty purchased of him at the highest market price any time within a year. But that isn't important, so long as he takes my stock.

He advises me strongly not to sell, however. He says it is going to be a big thing, and he expects news within a day or two that will send the price up. Perhaps I'd better wait a day or two. I can hang on that long, and I'd like to get a profit. So long as he agrees to take it himself, I feel safe. He said he didn't want to see one of his customers in financial trouble.

I'll wait two or three days, but no longer. It's the same with this stock as with the other; if the market for it is so restricted that only one man can find it, it's not the stock for me.

**Thursday, May 16.**—I don't feel quite so sure of that advance that Preston predicted. I've been looking over some of his other promises. A month ago he said his stock would be selling at many times its present price within a few weeks, and April 28 he said an advance at once was warranted by the showing made, and that it should be selling 100 per cent higher then. But it is still at the same price—the only stock I bought that hasn't gone up.

No sale yet through either Cone or Campbell & Co. And no chance of a sale through any one else.

**Sunday, May 19.**—Things look bad—they could hardly be worse, it seems to me. Preston's Greenback Wonder has not gone up. Cone Brothers have not sold my Cobalt Certainty for me. There is no bid for my Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis. The "Record-Herald" calls attention to the fact that it is no longer carrying the advertisements of the cheap-stock companies. The prices they advertise are the prices they get, and are evidently not for outsiders. They certainly mean nothing to me when I want to sell.

#### Good-by, Cash!—No Market

**MONDAY, May 20.**—Mr. Preston is very sorry for me, but he was too busy to sign a check for the amount of my stock this morning. He asked me to have it ready for him this afternoon, and he would send for it. I had it ready, but he did not send. I wonder if he is just trying to jolly me along, so that I won't kick up a row.

Campbell & Co. listed my three stocks in their advertisements yesterday, offering them at a big discount from company prices, but they had nothing favorable to report to-day.

All my efforts to sell Cobalt Certainty and Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis are still unsuccessful, in spite of applications to-day to Cone Brothers and to Burr Brothers, from whom I bought the stocks.

**Wednesday, May 22.**—Good-by, cash! Here is where I forget that I ever thought I was a financier. This is why I say it:

I made my last appeal to Burr Brothers, who had sold me the Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis stock. I had written to them previously, offering to sell the stock back to them, but had received no reply, so I called at their office. I was referred to a young man, who took me into a private office and gave me a fatherly talk. It was very foolish of me to think of selling my stock at the present time, he said, for it was going up. "You should hold it," he advised.

"I may have to," I replied ruefully, "for I don't seem to be able to sell it. Can't you take it?"

"Oh, no," he answered; "that is impossible. Our contract prohibits us from handling this stock for anybody except the company. We can't even sell it for you."

"Can't you advise me how and where I can sell it myself?" I asked.

#### The Puzzle of Paper Profits

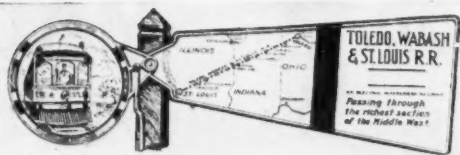
"**LATER**, when construction work is a little farther along and things begin to boom, there will be no trouble about selling it," he said.

"But I need the money now," I urged.

"It's too bad," he remarked sympathetically, "but our contract won't permit us to do anything."

"I bought it at \$2," I explained, "and it is \$3 now, but I can't get the profit."

He had nothing to say to this, merely shrugging his shoulders.



200 shares ground floor price \$400. Par value \$2,000  
Paying 2% dividends amounts to 10% on investment  
or \$40.00 a year.

200 shares ground floor price \$400. Par value \$2,000  
Paying 4% dividends amounts to 20% on investment  
or \$80.00 a year.

200 shares ground floor price \$400. Par value \$2,000  
Paying 8% dividends amounts to 40% on investment  
or \$160.00 a year.

200 shares ground floor price \$400. Par value \$2,000  
Paying 16% dividends amounts to 80% on investment  
or \$320.00 a year.

200 shares ground floor price \$400. Par value \$2,000  
Paying 32% dividends amounts to 160% on investment  
or \$640.00 a year.

Add to this the increase in the value of the stock which is sure to come, and you must concede that this is an investment proposition out of the ordinary and the best one you ever encountered.

These figures are not only possibilities but are probabilities. You can appreciate this if you will but devote a little time to the study of this magnificent proposition.

You will not have much time to figure, as this stock is going to advance quickly. Do it while it's on your mind and then send in your order for as many shares as you can carry.

Don't put it off till to-morrow. Do it to-day. Do it Now.

BURR BROS., Inc.

#### BURR BROTHERS' SURE ROAD TO FORTUNE

Definite promises are seldom made in the literature that promoters devise to appeal to the cupidity of ignorant investors

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$6,500,000.

**THE MERCHANTS' LOAN & TRUST COMPANY**

CHICAGO, May 9, 1907.

Mr. R. E. Wolfe,  
505 Tacoma Building,  
Chicago.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 7th instant received, asking us to reconsider our refusal to make a loan on your Toledo, Wabash & St. Louis Cobalt Certainty Greenback Wonder stocks.

The securities offered were absolutely worthless as collateral and we could not for a moment entertain them.

Yours truly,  
President.

#### A BANKER'S ESTIMATE OF TOLEDO, WABASH, AND ST. LOUIS

**The American Trust & Savings Bank**

Capital \$3,000,000.00. Monroe and Clark Streets. Chicago. Jan. 8th, 1907.

R. E. Wolfe, Esq.,  
505 Tacoma Building,  
Chicago.

Dear Sir:

We have your letter of the seventh instant asking us to reconsider our refusal to make you a loan secured by stocks of the following companies:—

Toledo Wabash & St. Louis,  
Cobalt Certainty,  
Greenback Wonder.

We have taken carefully into consideration all of the statements which you have made in regard to these stocks, but in our opinion, they are absolutely worthless and are certainly not the kind of collateral which this bank would accept as security to a loan. We thought that this matter had been made clear to you when you first asked for the accommodation.

Yours very truly,  
Vice President.

#### ANOTHER VALUATION OF BARGAIN-COUNTER STOCKS

"Then there is no real profit," I persisted; "the prices mean nothing."

"Later," he assured me, "it will be active at much higher prices, and then there will be no trouble. You really ought to hold it."

"Can't I get anything for it now?" I asked.

"We can do nothing," he replied.

That seemed to settle the question. Just the same, I prefer Burr Brothers to Cone Brothers or Preston, for Burr Brothers turned me down frankly and openly, and the others have led me along with false hopes. Cone promised to sell my stock for me, and has not done it; Preston promised to take my stock himself, and has not done it. And I can get nothing more definite from either—only pleasant promises that mean nothing.

#### Learning a Lesson—and Paying For It

**AGAIN** I have talked with my "Dutch uncle"—father's friend. When I told him of my efforts to sell my stock, he patiently explained:

"Cone and Preston are stringing you along. It is better to jolly you a little than it is to have you kicking up a row, and they will keep you going as long as you will stand for it—until the bottom drops out of the particular propositions in which you are interested, and then they won't care what you do. But you will never, never get any money from them, unless they think they have reason to fear you. How do you stand now?"

"The prices show that I have made 50 per cent profit in Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis, and 20 per cent in Cobalt Certainty," I told him, "but my figures show that I have lost \$100 in the two of them."

"Now you talk like a sensible man," he declared approvingly.

"And there isn't even a paper profit in Greenback Wonder," I added, "for the advances that were so certain have not come. I am out \$45 on that—a total of \$145, and a lot of time and worry."

"My boy," he said, "you encourage me. While you were figuring your profits I had little hope for you, but now that you are counting up your losses my confidence is renewed. The profit that you can't get means a loss every time." I was angry—at myself. I was repentant enough to say: "I'll tear the certificates up."

"No, don't do that," he advised. "Frame them and hang them in your room, where you can see them whenever you are tempted to make a fool of yourself again."

Thus it happens that I am able to say: "Good-by, cash!" with some cheerfulness. I have had my lesson—and have paid for it.

#### The Awakening of Preston

**WEDNESDAY, June 12.**—Mr. Preston of Greenback Wonder has suddenly waked up. Perhaps he has heard something that worries him. At any rate, after I had given up all hope and had closed the account of my experiences, I received the following letter, under date of June 7:

"Kindly pardon me for overlooking the matter of repurchasing your shares in the Nevada Greenback Wonder. If you will bring or send them in, properly endorsed, I will take them up for you. This had entirely escaped my attention, and I trust you will pardon the oversight."

To this I have replied as follows:

"Your letter of June 7 has just reached me. You will recall that on May 15, nearly a month ago, you twice promised to take my Greenback Wonder stock. The second time it was endorsed, witnessed, and offered at your office, but you said you were too busy to attend to it then, and would send a check over that afternoon. The stock was held in readiness for you for a week or ten days, and your failure to send for it, after twice agreeing to take it, was rather discouraging. Since then, I note it has gone up. Please let me know whether your present offer is to take it at the new price or only at the price I paid for it."

Somehow, I get the idea that Preston is not very much in earnest in his offer to redeem that stock. I doubt if he will do it unless he decides that it is necessary in order to avoid trouble. However, I shall give him another chance.

#### Preston's Ready Promises

**MONDAY, June 17.**—I called at Preston's office this morning, taking a witness along, and tendered the stock. The young woman in charge of the office informed me that nothing could be done about it, as Preston was still out of the city. I presented his letter of June 7, informing me that it was only necessary to bring or send the stock, but she still said that nothing could be done in Mr. Preston's absence. I told her I was standing on his written offer, without regard to the advance in price, merely wishing to get the thing closed up, but no one was authorized to act in his absence, and he would not be back for ten days or two weeks. Seems rather strange in view of his letter.

**Monday, July 1.**—To-day Preston wrote:

"I am very sorry that through an oversight the matter of sending check for your stock was delayed. . . . I shall be very glad to have you call at your convenience and take the matter up with me, and I assure you that everything will be adjusted to your entire satisfaction."

What's the use!



# ON THE RIALTO

A Roll-Call on Broadway, the Actors' "HEADQUARTERS OF HOPE"

By HARRIS MERTON LYON



ANY time in August you will find some sixteen thousand actors hunting work, either in the Great White Way, which is Broadway, or up the side streets from Thirty-eighth to Forty-fifth among the nooks and corners, where managers, agents, and theatrical pirates lurk. The "headquarters of hope," George Ade has fittingly called the tract. Here, though every one is unconscious of it, is the biggest "cast" you have ever witnessed; this is the biggest show they have ever played in. The spectacle presented is one vast, human, kaleidoscopic view of the most party-colored, variegated, and motley profession known to earth since Aristophanes laughed and Æschylus thundered. . . .

Here old men in soiled frock coats, grim with a mimic grimace on their faces, faintly flavored with the mock-tragic essence of former Booth-and-Barrett days, used to overacting, bombast, and rant, stand on the street corners, their hands tucked solemnly into their chests, their coat-tails sagging in forlorn apathy, while their scowls are leveled upon the present whimsical generation which has shelved their grandeur and their credit. Here beardless youths, their visages lined with traces of "make-up," late hours, and dissipation, slim and slangy and superficial, smoke their cigarettes and chat their innocuous professional small talk. "The Bad Mr. Jones' has closed, I see." "Oh, has it?" "Yes; there's a good juvenile lead in it, but they didn't want to pay the money, so I didn't go after it. I could have had it if I'd wanted it." Here gaudy women come and go, overaffectionate when greeting male and female fellow professionals, overvoluble, overdressed; big, heavy-set blondes in velvet skirts, scrawny little women in men's collars and neckties, buxom girls with their buxomness made apparent so as to lure the agent's calculating eye.

It is a pity Carlyle did not have an actor or two in his "Sartor Resartus": he could have packed a brilliant chapter with remarks upon their clothes and their clothes-philosophy. For incongruous apparel is about you on the Rialto in all the hues of the rainbow and in all the assortment which the human brain can devise. If you wish to mark an actor as far as you can see him, tradition says to note his spats, his bamboo cane, and his waistcoat. In a finer way his lineaments, reposefully smug from too much inspection in the mirror, will tell the tale; and the short-vamped shoes, which make his feet look smaller, the method of wearing the hair, the affected articulation of the vowels in speech. As for the actress, tradition will have it that she must be all peroxide and poodles. But, after all, to the outsider dress must always be the fetish of actor-land.

## Petulant Sawdust and Grease-paint People

ACTOR-LAND! This is a world you do not, you can not, comprehend—the world of these people who work their bodies and faces and voices back of the foot-lights for your amusement. Here in the street they mingle and pass, ingenious forever, whimsical as moths, vagrant as thistledown, pleased at the slightest praise, piqued at a hint of dissatisfaction, will-o'-the-wisp-chasers pathetic in their hopefulness, laughing as readily as they weep, with all emotion set against very little of reason—these heart-on-the-sleeve, petulant men and women of the sawdust and the grease-paint!

New York, the city which sits upon its granite flanks and directs a million industries, is the great hive from which these priests of Thespis, humble and high, make their departure for the other quarters of the country. Here are all the places of business—the "booking offices" to which the performer must apply for work; here is the Rialto, running like a yellow streak across the old village. Wherefore the big metropolitan producers, the managers of theatres, and the go-between agents are reputed as employing annually fully sixteen thousand actors in the various channels of the business, from grand opera to vaudeville, from "Hamlet" to the Merry Mamie Burlesquers who play in the music halls and

the honkeytonks. Broadway is to every one of them the trail over the mountains into El Dorado—Broadway, the Great White Way! They bask in its air, they kick their heels against its curbs in pure bliss; its dust is incense to them; they roll in its atmosphere as a cat rubs its back into catnip.

Thus it is that they come together on the Rialto at the end of summer, each one a type—"Gee, wot a bunch of lemons!" is the comment of the newsboy—each with his exaggeration and affectation a poignant reminder that his world is not ours and that we can not judge him until we have entered his domain, until we get under a mask ourselves, until we have smelled that luring odor of the grease-paint—which gets into a nose as fascinatingly as printer's ink ever did—until we have stood in the drafty dressing-room, trod the barren boards, and peered out with palpitant expectation over the golden haze of the footlights into that waiting blackness, "the house," potential with applause.

The actor moves in a dream-existence, evidently. His spectacles are set with mirrors instead of plain glasses—and the quicksilver side is turned toward you and me. His head is enveloped in one grand cloud of self-consciousness; he walks in an exclusive histrionic fog. It is said that the Arab is vain of himself with an unctuous, opulent, Oriental vanity, but that he does not realize this to be a fault in him, making his hearers weary. So with the actor.

Suppose you go to interview Yvaine Daniels, the pathetic ballad singer (with illustrated slides), and she tells you as she dabs the red on her lips and the rougefort underneath her eyes: "Just say—er—ah—Yvaine Daniels, the charming and pretty young comedienne is appearing in three beautiful dresses at the Majestic this week. Tell 'em about my vivacity and sprightliness and—you can mention my diamonds if you want to." Here she flashes under your nose—news a double handful of abnormal white gems. "I'm the talk of the town, and they're going to give a special Yvaine Daniels matinee this week—oh, yes, they are! You can ask the manager—and the reporter—ah—in the last town wrote up my razzledazzle way—oh, he was a Johnny wise mark, he was! Now then, my coiffure [pronounced coifr] is worth a few lines—that'll catch the women; it's a new wave, you know—and, say, honest to goodness, my trunks and my dawg—"

Or if it is not Yvaine, perhaps it is John Griggle, the eminent tragedian. Griggle is a Hector, a Pantagruel, a Brichanteau, huge of bulk, with a voice like that of Bashan's bull. He plays Macbeth in the small towns—in the very small towns—and is forty-five years of age. You will find him in front of the Metropolitan Opera House in the afternoon, it being shady on that side. Or, if after supper, you must climb to the third floor of a "professional" boarding-house in West Forty-fourth Street. It is a hot August night, and the fat Shakespearian has found his room uncomfortably small; so he is sitting on the top stair in his undershirt, addressing himself to the breeze as it comes up. He laughs. It is a big, double-chinned laugh, like the laugh of a Balzac or a Dumas. It is Porthos in merry mood. "Oh, I'll play Broadway yet with my Macbeth," he says, still hopeful after a quarter century of barnstorming. "I'll show 'em! Tell you what! I'm going out on the road again and work hard on it. . . . get a lot of new business and stuff into it, then I'm going to bring it in onto Broadway. Tell you what! I've got some ideas in that thing better'n anything Mansfield or Irving ever had. Some of these days I'll make these people sit up and take notice. They'll look at each other and say: 'Who is this boy? How does it happen we haven't heard of him before?'"

"Am—I—an—actor?" This with a drawl of slow disdain. "Huh! Feel that arm." It is a large arm, the size of a cow's flank. "Look at that chest." The Jovian lungs swell, and Griggle takes on the aspect of a pouter-pigeon or of a professional life-saver at a sea beach.

"Well, I don't know," says the chorus girl on the same floor, "yuh look more like a circus man to me."

## The Case of John Griggle, Eminent Tragedian

HE thumps the expanded chest. "Ho, ho, I know I'm slow landing"—thump—"but when I do"—thump—"by God"—thump—"they'll know it's art. Oh, I'll show 'em how to act Shakespeare one o' these days!"

Generous, bovine Griggle, childlike at fifty! Clinging to his "art," dragging it with his huge bulk and stentor voice up stairway after stairway to managers who are deaf even to his cannonading bass, all through

the hot August days, only at night to mount again his boarding-house steps to the little three-dollar-a-week room!

Across the hall from him is the chorus girl, English extraction, her head a fright of frizzled hair, burnt short by successive curling irons heated in a hurry. She will get eighteen dollars a week as long as she can keep her feet nimble and the sunken spots out of her cheeks. Good teeth are at a premium, too, if she is emulous of first-row honors. She is careless of h's, but very careful of appearances. "I don't want none o' them guys beatin' it into my room hat hall hours o' the night, even if they do belong to the perfish," she remarks to the Youthful Super who rooms next to her. "Hi'm a lidy, hand Hi don't propose to 'ave henny dub blowin, cigarette smoke into my face hat 2 A. M. Hit ain't proper, and hit makes the landlidy talk."

## The Three Divisions of the Actor's World

AND the Youthful Super. This is he who, with blurred ideals in his mind, "walks on" in the last act and says: "Yes, yes." He gets twenty a week—and is writing a play himself. It is a tragedy; something about a man and a woman and a stagy villain all in black. There is renunciation of some sort in it, and the hero has a speech that occupies seven solid minutes. When he wrote it the super conceived himself as the hero and could hear himself delivering the lines on Broadway. If you care to listen to him he will quote it.

And the Pierian spring has been sipped of, too, by Jimmy Summer, even though it be only a dipperful. Jimmy is the author of a musical comedy, "The Sweet Miss Stars and Stripes," the lyrics to which he will hum you through his nose. Like Autolycus he picks up a living in the small mid-Western towns by farming out "Miss Stars and Stripes" to lodges for their entertainments and to churches for their bazaars; now he is on the Rialto with a hope that he can sell the thing. This is not his first autumn of endeavor by any means; "Miss Stars and Stripes" is almost of age, and Sammy is turning from the bud to the sere, from hirsute to glabrous, as he peddles his songs down the highway. Bubble and burst, bubble and burst! thus goes the world of the actor.

Occasionally the man on the Rialto touches the other world in three quarters at least: the Rialto itself, the boarding-house, with its rather insistent and hence worldly landlady, and the managers' and agents' offices. At the manager's the impact is keen and poignant; for the manager is no respecter of temperament, a quality in which the child of tragedy is generally long and strong and fertile. The manager is in a hurry—it is hot and August and the time is short—so that he can not abide in patience what Max Nordau has called the hysteria and megalomania of his clients. Generally he smokes a big cigar and sits in his shirt-sleeves in his sanctum, which is as hard for the rank and file to get at as is the Holy of Holies or the Thirty-third Degree. His front office is always filled with a clutter of waiting "artists"—and the waiting is protracted. Before him is a list of the new plays and the parts which are open. His task is to match the two, and so he sits back with a sigh, prepares himself for the inspection and lets down the bars. After which the coil of applicants winds into the room, circles around, and drags its slow length out again. Young girls with a look of sadness, a look of hardness, or a look of badness on their faces, yet wearing their profession with a gay and almost eager air; old women, thin men, fat men, children—infant prodigies accompanied by voluble mothers who explain, in a belligerent voice, how "Henriette was the hit o' the piece in the 'Two Jolly Tars' company"—crowd together, present their cards to the office boy and await their turns at the man who has the jobs to give out.

"This is the hard part about this actin'," says one of the patient cluster in the outer office.

"The hard part o' actin'?" snorts another. "Why, the whole blamed business is hard. Hard work gettin' on; hard work holdin' on after you've signed up; hard hours, hard manager, hard tempers—and hard time gettin' your pay!"

"Us actors oughter form a union," suggested a fat comedian in frayed trousers and a wilted





collar, a dead cigarette bobbing between his lips forlornly. "Why, even the stage hands has a union! Yessir. Not a one of 'em that shoves a chunk of scenery but wot knows he'll get paid for it. But look at us! We do everything; we not only shove the scenery but we get out in front of it and speak the lines. Wot do we get? Half the time we can't collect our salary. Look at me! I ain't had but eight weeks' work that I got paid for in two years!"

"I've got to see the manager to-day if I have to bust the door in," says the grim-visaged woman in a rusty silk dress and a poorly powdered face.

"I'd get hysterical," whispers another who has climbed stairs until her gait has become spring-haltered, "and throw myself on my knees in front of him and beg for work, only somehow he doesn't get sympathetic enough or something. He just cuts me short with those same old two words: 'Nothin' to-day.'"

For every afternoon the mediocre actor, soaped and brushed, presents himself perfunctorily at the agent's. "Anything new?" he asks mechanically. "Nothin' to-day," answers the man with the list, stolidly, unemotionally, apathetically.

Perhaps in rushes the comic-opera queen wearing about five hundred dollars' worth of clothes. She has risen from the chorus; in reality she is a sort of watered stock. Fourteen ostrich plumes agitate the air around her head. "Why," she pants, tapping her foot impa-

tiently, "I didn't fahney I'd have to wait, or I'd have dismissed meh cab." She has a dog on her arm and diamonds on her fingers. She sweeps back and forth in the middle of the floor nervously, biting her lip until the powder comes off, but—she waits to see the agent.

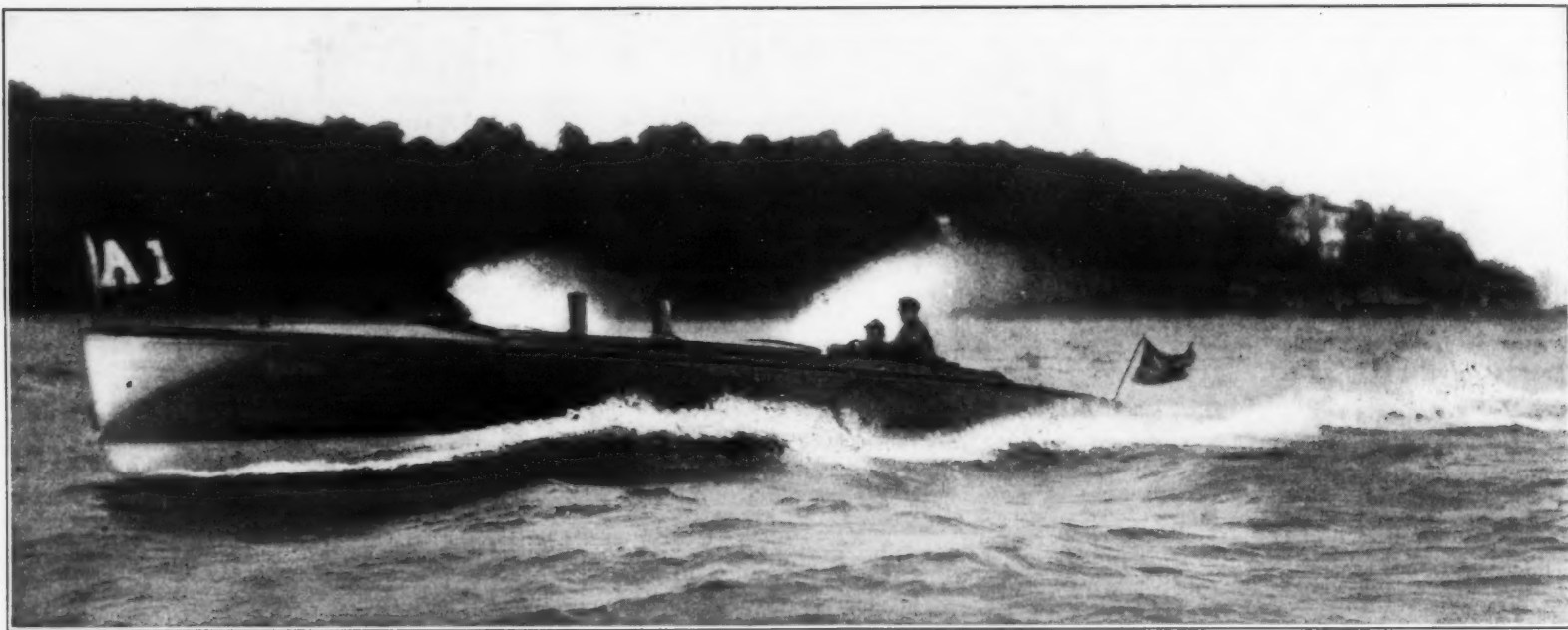
In strolls the successful comic-opera comedian of the "candy kid" type. He is already sure of a job and just wants to pass the time of day. Panama hat bent up in front, college boy neckwear, cane twirling, cigarette, and exaggerated slouch combine to paint his picture. "Ah, Billy, how's the game? All to the mustard, heh? Got time to take a smile? How's those? Oh, everything's wiggling along. See you at Browne's to-night after the show." The show people—which means technically the people who "work under canvas," are known by their tanned skin and weathered appearance. Rubbing elbows with them in the throng is the professional "extra woman," the actress who no longer has dreams of future greatness, but who is content season after season to do a "thinking part" at fifteen or twenty dollars a week, never leaving New York.

#### The End of a Career

YOU have but to stand in front of the Metropole any night to see the end of Thespian failure. The old actor, out of a job, and probably tipping to drown the memory of this indolence! Here he drifts by, mumbling broken words through his almost toothless gums, talking to himself, to anybody who will listen, recasting in his mind again and again the tale of his former triumphs. He feels at last what all of us must feel in looking at the people of the stage—that their art is but the art of an hour, and when they die, "it all dies with them." The old actor reminds you of an old violin, cracked and crazy and harsh now, which once re-

sponded to the sweep of a vibrant bow, uttered great, noble thoughts and carried away audiences in its fine frenzies. Once upon a time he was an entrepreneur; all the great poetry of genius poured through this delicate means to its end. He was a sensitive machine which took the cold written line and made it move our hearts with ecstasy—rusty, discredited, broken now, he shambles and shuffles the streets pathetically.

But if this is pathos there is a keener pathos and a fitting one with which to end this sketch of actor-land—the pathos of the young actor, the pathos of the idol that falls, of an ideal that becomes vulgar. After a few seasons, no doubt, the weary Thespian gets used to the routine of searching for employment, and from his former experience draws a certain reliance upon himself. But consider the young actor. He comes to New York with high hopes and dreams. "Oh, to be sure," he admits, generously, "I'll have to carry the banner a few years." Then disappointments come; for six weeks he has visited the offices day by day, for two months, three months. All the rest of the Rialto throng has gone, save derelicts like himself—he is alone and without a job. Perhaps he turns to "extra work" as a salvation; perhaps he gets a position keeping books or selling shoes or ribbons. If it be one of the other sex—well, there is a jest that "many a good seamstress goes to waste on the stage." And thus passes the glory of the Rialto!



THE AMERICAN MOTOR-BOAT "DIXIE," WINNER OF THE CUP OFFERED BY THE MOTOR YACHT CLUB OF ENGLAND, AT SOUTHAMPTON, ON AUGUST 2

BY distancing the speedy British motor-boat, *Daimler II*, the *Dixie*, owned by E. J. Schroeder, Commodore of the Motor-Boat Club of America, first captured for the United States the cup offered by the Motor-Yacht Club of England for international competition, and heretofore held by English and French boats. The two French challengers for the cup, *Panhard-Tellier* and *La Rapide*, were entered too late to compete, so the race was, in effect, between the British boats and the *Dixie*. The *Dixie*, first built for E. R. Thomas, is 40 feet long, with 5-foot beam, and is fitted with a four-cylinder, eight-cylinder engine of 132.7 horsepower. Her time over the 35-mile course off Southampton was 1 h. 15 m. 44 s. The *Daimler II* finished 2 minutes and 19 seconds behind. Commodore Schroeder's boat has been shipped to Jamestown, where it will compete in the motor-boat races to be held at the Exposition, beginning on September 4



REAR-ADMIRAL STOCKTON AND ADMIRAL IJUIN MEET AT BREST

THE cruisers *Tennessee* and *Washington* of the United States Navy, in command of Rear-Admiral Charles H. Stockton, represented the United States at a maritime exposition held at Bordeaux in July. Japan was represented by the cruisers *Chitose* and *Tsukuba*, in command of Admiral Ijuin. For two days the United States cruisers and the Japanese warships were anchored close together. It was impossible to grant shore leave to the crews at the same time, but Admiral Stockton and Admiral Ijuin exchanged courtesies at a garden party at Brest. While the best feeling prevailed between the American and Japanese ships, Admiral Stockton reported that the officers of an English cruiser at Brest criticized the American ships severely on account of faults in construction, which, Admiral Stockton said, were known to the Navy Department's Bureau of Construction before the cruisers left the shipyards





Little black Lizette waited, sad-eyed, and fragrant with milk, in the pink light and the dew

# SON OF THE WOODS

THE GREEN LADY PLAYS CALYPSO FOR AN HOUR; THEN REPENTS HER WILES

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

THERE are still log cabins here and there in the mountains, but they are as shy as birds' nests in Central Park, and as simply built. The cottages and hotels that have intruded there are not shy and are highly complex, yet for the most part they have at least had the courtesy to put on the green and brown livery of the forest. The Grand Hotel, however, is staring white and of Greek design. Looking up from the Lake, it appears mostly an affair of pillars. It would look well on some Southern shore, with palms and sandy beaches about it. Up here in the woods it is outrageous—and yet, that depends. It is rather fine, too, in a way, at twilight, while the late color is still in the sky, and the windows show their many orange oblongs between the great pillars, and the orchestra tentatively begins in the ballroom, dinner being over.

Then if you bring your canoe to a quiet nook in the lake—not too near—the big, garish hotel becomes as wild and elfin as any other manifestation of the woods, a moonlight glamour that will vanish with other mists at sunrise.

The cedars in its near neighborhood have been thinned, the ground sodded, and rustic seats and summer houses are scattered about. But it is better not to venture too far into its groves without your wits, or these cedars will unexpectedly close up their ranks. If you go among them at dusk and come to yourself when too far away to hear the hotel band, and you are unversed in the ways of the woods, and not dressed for the part, there is likely to be annoyance for yourself and your friends before you get back.

SO, at least, it happened to Mrs. Brandon one evening. Entering the grove with heavy trouble sagging her usually careless soul, she was overtaken by a sudden storm of tears, and having once made a beginning, luxuriously gave herself up to woe, pressing blindly into the forest, careless of the thorns that caught at her delicate lace over-dress, snatched her hair awry, and had made altogether a strange figure of her before she realized that the dark silence of the forest had shut in upon her. Then she struck a match from her cigarette case, and read "ten o'clock," upon her tiny watch, listened vainly for the triple beat of the hotel orchestra, and knew that she and Mount Phelim were alone together.

Now Mount Phelim is but an infant mountain, one of the family of old Powasket (who is a mountain, and so tall that he does not take off his winter nightcap in spring until the pine woods upon his flanks are full of arbutus). Beside Powasket, as our town sees them, Phelim is but an inconsiderable scallop on the skyline, a ripple at the edge of the big mountain's garment. Yet, were it not for the comparison, he would make, by himself, a very respectable small giant. Mrs. Brandon had seen many mountains and seas in her day, but had never before been quite alone with even a small one. She forgot the sorrow that had driven her so unceremoniously forth into the night, and fell silent for a moment, like a child who after a space of futile whimpering is really about to cry. Then she began to scream, whereat one may imagine all the furry and feathery ears upon Mount Phelim pricked in astonish-

ment, and the leaves stirred by small, quiet persons in stealthy retreat.

Even Phelim himself held his breath for a moment, like a sleeper half-waked by some unimportant matter, then exhaled a long, sweet, contented sigh through his cedars and pines, and slept again under the faint light of the half-moon, while Mrs. Brandon, having screamed herself out, obeyed the instinct of all embarrassed animals since first lions roaring after their prey did seek their meat from God, and clung, motionless, silent, and alert, to a shaggy cedar trunk.

It is amazing how cold a midsummer night can be upon a mountain. She drew the silken train of her dinner-gown about her shoulders and trembled within it for the space of an hour. At the dark moment when the moonlight altogether withdrew from the treetops, she roused to a primitive and sensible action. Drawing together some pine needles and dry leaves she lit them with a match from her cigarette case (small vices are of advantage occasionally) and spread her little shaking hands, weighted with cold rubies and diamonds, to the blaze. The nearest trunks were warmly splashed with firelight, but the opaquely black gulfs beyond these

matters of birth and death have been transacted, as well as commonplace minutiae of living.

The location must have been a trapper's choice in the first place, and the steep acres of corn and potatoes an afterthought of changing time and custom. Mount Phelim is hardly a person to take kindly to the corn-and-potato habit. There are many tentative pines and maples among the weeds that spring up in the furrows.

Perhaps Phelim likes the habit of humanity itself no better than that of corn and potatoes, for one winter he and Powasket together filled that little valley so full of snow and zero weather that these—and other causes—wiped out all but one of a family named Frechette. They spared Alois, who thereafter thrived in his loneliness like a hardy seedling from whose roots a number of weaker brethren have been torn, for such is the survival of the fittest.

ALOIS woke to the before-sunrise clamor of a nestful of bluebirds above his window, who were scheduled for flight at that hour. He yawned, rose on his elbow, and regarded with a sleepy smile the dewy oblong of green twilight that marked his open door. Now that all his crowding family had forever gone out through that door, he saw no object in closing it except against storms and winter.

The light growing, he fished out a battered geometry from beneath the sack of pine needles that served him as a pillow. Some quarter of an hour's scowling and muttering served him with this, and then a long sonorous call, as of a distant trombone, summoned him to seize his milk pail and meet little black Lizette, who waited him, sad-eyed, and fragrant with milk, in the pink light and the dew.

Her six quarts—save one for his breakfast—being deposited in the tiny log fortress of a dairy by the brook, he came back to his house and built his fire and set on the frying-pan with slices of bacon in it. When this had yielded its fat and was sending up pungent smoke, he added thick slabs of Indian pudding, craftily drew the whole arrangement to a part of the stove where it should sizzle for ten minutes or so without becoming charcoal, and went down to the brook for his bath. A deep still pool had been naturally fenced off from the shallow turmoil of the brook by the intervening root of an oak, shaped like a great smooth knee—as though a giant, sitting on the bank ages ago to cool his feet in the stream had forgotten what he was about and been changed to a tree.

Cold! Cold as only a mountain brook can be on a midsummer morning. Alois went in with a shout, splashed and grunted until a cloud of clean brown mud was stirred up from the bottom, came out and danced upon the moss in the sun until he was dry, and then went singing up the hill to his breakfast, in all the world nothing more gloriously alive and hungry than himself.

Had it not been for his appetite! Taking the frying-pan upon his knees, he ate it quite clean and polished. set it down with a sigh, and examined his stone jar of corn meal. When his finger, plumbing the yellow depths, touched bottom before the second joint was covered he became very grave. He took his hoe in silence from its nail just outside the door, put a book



"I forget whether fires attract animals or scare them away"

were worse than before. "I forget," she thought wearily, "whether fires attract animals or scare them away, but, perhaps, being eaten up is no worse than freezing to death," and so, with what philosophy she might, she waited for the morning.

ON that side of Phelim opposite the Grand Hotel is one of those shy log cabins; not a temporary hunter's hut, but a real habitation wherein the great

in the pocket of his overalls, and marched to his potato field, arriving at that place of business promptly at five, according to custom.

The morning was drowsy and lovely, developing, as the sun rose, into one of those days that never fully wake up, but stay dreamily abed until twilight. The air of the valley was hot and still. In the incessant mutter of the brook nothing was said about high ambitions and the glorious things that lay beyond a summer's toil with books and vegetables.

At eight o'clock Alois hooked his hoe over the limb of an apple-tree, and took his book to the border of the woods. He found the dreams of the day, however, as thick there as in the field, and putting ambition aside for the moment, he filled his corn-cob pipe with tobacco raised in his own garden and lay on his back among the pine needles, his knees crossed and his arms under his head, with no loftier thought in his brain than to idly follow the pattern of the pine branches against the sky.

Some one (he dreamed) called and wept in the forest, but he was too sleepy to answer. Besides, in his dream, he knew that the calling and weeping were only a dream, and nothing to worry about—or, if it wanted him, let it come where he was.

THE leaves parted and a wild, tear-stained face looked at him fixedly for a long moment. He sat up, but the dream, instead of being disturbed by the action, stepped out into the sunlight.

He had read of such things—Calypso and her isle, for example, and Circe, and La Belle Dame Sans Merci—but they were classics. Classics are marble and Greek and do not develop one's imagination into belief. His grandmother's stories had been neither marble nor Greek, and these he had believed.

Her hair hung in two disheveled yellow plaits. Her arms and throat were bare. Her gown, except where misty rags of lace still clung to it, was of silk, the color of green flame.

She conveyed no definite idea of age or youth. At first he thought her very young, then he was not so sure. She might be old with the infinite and unwithering old age of mountains and forests—old as Time or the Greek and marble goddesses of whom he had heard so much in the books that were to take him to college.

As to her beauty, it seemed to him complete (though in her own world it had long been agreed that Mrs. Brandon's looks were on the wane). She wrung her slim hands, their jewels flashing in the sun.

"I am lost!"

His brown face was as bewildered as her pale one. He rose and removed his shapeless straw hat.

"I am hungry," said she.

He hardly understood. One did not connect the idea of hunger with ladies in green who came suddenly out of forests on midsummer day.

"I came from—" she began, then hesitated. She was not sure that she wanted to be directed to the Grand Hotel just yet. She had not lived in the world for—the length of time she had lived in it, without learning to prize the flavor of novelty. So many things had grown stale and bitter. From the stale and bitter she had fled weeping into the forest. Now, after a night of amazement, she had come out into a morning place, with a morning young man in it. If she herself, by age and experience, belonged properly to a later and more arid time of day, that was no good reason for foregoing a misplaced hour of youthfulness which Fate had thrown in her way.

"I should so dearly love something to eat."

He made a grave gesture of hospitality in the direction of his house, and they walked together across the sunny pasture. The tattered hem of her long green skirt rustled over the short grass, with the sound of wind among leaves. Her head drooped and she breathed unevenly, like a child that has cried over much. Almost he expected her to dissolve in the strong light. It was noon; did that altogether account for her casting no shadow?

His kitchen as they entered seemed strangely shrunken since he ate his breakfast there, and disordered and mean. The disheveled lady hesitated in the doorway, a silhouette outlined with gold by the sun, and held back her ragged skirts, then entered slowly, with a wary eye upon the rusty and greasy cook-stove, and sat down doubtfully upon the only unbroken chair.

"I can fry you some bacon," said Alois timidly.

"I think," she suggested, "perhaps a glass of milk and some bread—it would take so long to cook anything. I don't know when I've been so hungry!"

Her voice broke in a little wail. He scurried out to his store of milk by the spring, and broke a pitcher in his embarrassed haste, forgetting unaccountably where his various utensils were kept.

"I haven't any bread," he apologized, setting the milk before her, "but here is some cold hasty pudding."

She made no criticism, but ate eagerly, and when she had quite finished, laid her head upon her arms and wept.

"I was so hungry," she explained. But this grief for past trouble gave way after a little to contemplation of her gown.

"Is there some woman about here?"

"No. I've got a needle and thread, though, and a thimble my mother had."

He brought her these implements in a tin box that had once held tobacco. Then from a corner on the clock shelf, where they had lain undisturbed since his mother loosed her thin black hair for the last time, he took a handful of crooked and rusty hairpins.

His glance lingered upon them in a way she did not at first understand, as if he had bestowed a gift of great value. She had been about to put them aside with dainty disfavor and perfunctory thanks, but something in the rusty evidence of long disuse conveyed the story of their value, and she accepted them graciously.

THEN Alois went out

and sat upon his wood-

pile. The silence of mid-

day had fallen upon the

birds, and there was no

wind to rouse the leaves;

the soliloquy of the brook

was the only living sound.

In the gap between the

near green shoulder of

Mount Phelim and the

blue-filmed one of Powas-

kett billowed other moun-

tains in gradual retreat

until the farthest was

hardly distinguishable from

the pale blue of the sky.

Beyond these, he knew, lay

that world whose many

voices, plaintive, gay, solemn,

or threatening, had come

to him by way of books and

the faint echoes of that

small town where he had learned

all that he knew. As

to the town he believed it to

resemble that world which

lay to the south as the little

trout stream whose voice

was in his ears resembled the

St. Lawrence toward



Taking the frying-pan upon his knees, he ate it quite clean



He marched to his potato field

which it hurried. He knew that his ideas of it were vague and might be incorrect in some important respects. Now, out of these unknown blue southern depths had suddenly appeared one whom he might question.

He had seen others of her kind wearing the sleek and infinitely varied livery of power and wealth. As he hoed his beans, he had heard, with strange stirring

of the blood, the tally-ho horn of a coachful from the big hotel on the other side of the mountain.

Sometimes, as his business took him up or down the slender yellow road, he had met them and been

pompously questioned on the topography of the country, questions which he had answered civilly.

People who came from so great a place as New York had a right to some hauteur of bearing, just as

Romans had, if ever their stately togas dignified to trail among the peasants'

vineyards and fields. Besides, he should be among them presently. His way

to their city was charted, stage by stage, as any definite journey should be. Barring accidents, he

thought he knew very well where his goal lay. But with this ambition, the sweet

glitter and gaiety, although he felt their power, had little to do, nor was it of the roll of Caesar's chariot, but of some remoter and finer thing, that the horn of the tally-ho had spoken.

When, after an hour's reconstruction, the Green Lady issued from his kitchen, she seemed less as if



He lay on his back among the pine needles

she might have come out of one of his grandmother's stories or the history of that remarkable man, Ulysses, and bore instead in her altered gown and coiled hair, the unmistakable hall-mark of New York, but this made her no less mysterious to Alois.

He came down from his wood-pile and stood before her with respectful curiosity, noting with surprise that she had brought some of his text-books with her. Her finger was between the pages of his "Iliad" as though to mark a place.

"You aren't a *poseur*, are you—a recluse?" said she. "You don't look," her eyes swept his six feet of lean health, "as if you were under doctor's orders."

"No, I belong here. I'm preparing for college."

"But—you live here quite alone?"

"Yes."

Her eyes still questioned.

"There used to be eight," said Alois, with a melancholy gaze at the silent little house. "All but me died winter before last."

Her inquisitive eyes were shocked and sorry. She turned them away respectfully from his tragedy.

After a little silence she said: "I am quite alone, too."

"I think I'll stay here till dinner time, if you don't mind. I should be less conspicuous if I went in while they're in the dining-room. . . . And I'd rather enjoy looking over your Greek with you, if you like. I was clever once, they said."

They sought the shade of the apple tree. She did not, however, at once open the books.

"And you live here and study," she recapitulated, inviting further information. This he now gave with an eager rush, as is the way of the solitary and silent when the novelty of sympathy suddenly offers.

"Lots of people died that winter. I stayed out of school to take care of mother and the baby, but the baby only lived a few days. Then mother died. She wanted to, I guess. She'd been tired of things for a good while. But that started father off on a big spree, so when the little chaps all got diphtheria there was

only me to look out for 'em—and I didn't know much—so by the time he got back I was the only one left. I don't know why it didn't get me. Perhaps I'm stronger than most. When he got here and found everybody gone but me he turned right around and went back and drank himself dead in two days. I didn't blame him. I was a little crazy too, I guess. I couldn't stay in the house any more than he could. I went up on Phelim and spent the rest of the winter tramping around there and up Powaskeet. I'd come home and take care of the cow, and have some milk and curl up beside her to get warm and sleep a little. But I wouldn't go into the house. Then by and by spring came, and the first grass. . . . Did you ever notice the first grass in spring? It's as green as your dress. I looked at the grass and went down to the cemetery and fixed up their graves some. And after that I opened the door, and made the fire and swept up. By that time I felt more as if I could stand it. So I borrowed an ox team and a plow, and when I had the potatoes in went back to school. I thought I might as well be doing that as anything else."

He stopped, apparently considering that his narrative came to an end at this point. After a little she asked: "And then?"

"Why—I seemed to have more time than I knew what to do with. I thought I might as well keep on and go to college!"

He came to another full stop.

"And when you finish college?" she pursued.

"That's four years ahead," he evaded with a shy smile, through which she detected the glimmer of some definite purpose hunted to its last cover. While she pondered how best to unmask it, a packet of newspaper clippings slipped out of the book in her lap. They were thumbled and ragged. His eye caught them as they fell, and he seized them as if to hide them, but on second thought placed them in her hands.

"I sometimes cut out the pieces in the papers that tell about things that ought to be different. I thought maybe by and by when I got an education I could get a job among those fellows down there that are trying to set things right."

But before she had opportunity to see what they were he had caught them back and sternly sorted out a number, which he folded together and put in the pocket of his overalls.

"Some are too bad even to think of," he explained, with a kind of melancholy wonder in his voice.

AMONG those that he

returned she found many turbulent paragraphs on both sides of the labor question; the rest were anecdotes of unsanitary tenement houses, neglected children, sweat shops, and all manner of squalid wrongs and stupid cruelties.

"You see," he justified himself, "there's a lot to do if you give your mind to it. It's a puzzle to know just how to get at it, but I thought maybe after I'd got an education I could tell better what to

do next. Now here—" opening another book he showed pasted inside the cover a half-tone newspaper portrait—"there's a *man*. He's been doing things down your way. My idea would be to go to him, and ask him to put me at something he'd like done."

His sophisticated listener gasped at the naiveté of the plan, and yet— There had been a primitive direct-



ness in the attack which this man had made upon primitive and stagnant evils. He had gone forth as simply as a medieval knight against a dragon, and his victory had been as simple and as epic. Alois's plan seemed made of the same stuff. "Der reiner Thor," she mused, regarding him with new interest.

"I know your hero," she said. His face took on the dewy wonder of a novice who sees a vision.

"You know—him?"

"I've met him, now and then, at dinners."

"What did he say?"

She laughed. The young expect their demigod's words to be always winged.

"Why—I don't remember. About what other people say, I suppose, at dinner. We—they"—she explained delicately—"aren't supposed to talk shop at dinner, you know. We have a way of pretending that everything in life is very jolly and gay, and that none of us is in earnest. Perhaps we really think just that. We have to pretend to, at least. I dare say it's as good a way as any other."

"He pretends, too?" Alois wondered.

"Oh, yes. At least, he was pretending when I saw him."

"Is this picture like him?"

"Not much. That's made handsome, I suppose, for a campaign picture. He's rather gray and tired-looking. I'm sorry I didn't notice him more. The people I know don't take him very seriously. We are of the easy-going sort. 'Life is short,' we say, and 'what's the use?' Why," she broke out fretfully, "what is the use? These things"—she touched the clippings, "have always existed in one form or another, and always will. People like your idol just stir them up and spread the poison. Why? Let the Person who made the world take care of it."

The would-be philanthropist and reformer humbly put away his documents and stared. She seemed very lovely and very scornful—and very wise. A weak, unnerving thrill ran through him. He had been thinking well of himself and his aims and of his hero. Were they, then, nothing? And she had come from the place where the world lived. She ought to know. But her philosophy had made the grasshopper, leaping purposelessly from a blade of grass to her shoulder and thence to a buttercup, as important under the warm sun as himself and his ambitions.

With something of guilty surprise the lady observed the reproach and fear in his face, and not at the moment seeing any other way out, sought to justify her statements further.

"Why, look at it!" she said harshly, stretching out a delicate hand toward the quiet hills that were like the patient backs of a sleeping herd of behemoths—"Look at the mere bulk of the world. Could you move it by pushing with your fists this ground where we sit? No more can you or your superman alter men and their troubles. Their selfishness and indifference are invincible. What's the use of letting a drowning man drag you down?" she concluded with a kind of satirical pride in having spoken well.

"You mean there's no use in anything?"

"I didn't quite say that, did I?" She wondered if she had.

"It comes to that, doesn't it?"

"Why—not quite. One may still have a very good time. There's music, and pleasant people, and good things to eat and see and smell."

"No more than that?"

"Many people think that is enough. Very many people think so."

"I'd rather," he said simply, "you told me the truth, whatever it is. Very likely I have wrong ideas. I know it's said you can't believe the newspapers."

"It's all the truth I know," she maintained uneasily. "It isn't very nice, is it? But it's the best I have."

"Then the first thing to do is to make money!"

HE lay down with his hands clasped under his head, his face hidden by his straw hat, and was silent for a long time. At length he sat up and fixed her with a bright stare.

"You mean if I worked and made money, I could live the way you people over there at the hotel live; eat and dance and see things and travel—see you as—as people of your own sort see you?"

"Why, as to that—"

"See you—" he repeated with a curious smile. "At first I didn't understand what there could be to interest one in living that way—there seemed to be no centre, nothing one could grip. But when I look at you I understand better. . . . Who are you?"

Her pulses answered his headlong speech with a jubilant thrill of youth. Her eyes half closed with the primitive pleasure of holding so fine a thing as this young heart in the palm of her hand, and she smiled—a smile symbolic of the lure of the world's brightness and of herself. The drowsy midsummer enchantment thickened about them. Alois came nearer, awkwardly, on his knees.

"Do you know," he said, "what I thought when you came out of the woods? My head's so full, you know, of these old Greek and Latin yarns I'm cramming up on. I

kept thinking of Circe, and Calypso, and all that queer lot, but—you wouldn't turn people into pigs, would you?" He smiled timidly at his figure of speech, then went on: "What you've been saying sounds a little like it . . . but there are other stories about saints appearing when people were puzzled and needed to be told what to do. . . . Which are you?"

The Green Lady opened her lips to speak, then shut them without a word, frowning at her small glittering hands clasped over the forgotten book in her lap.

Turn people into pigs?

Had one power, then, to make a difference? What right had she to be echoing those bitter, futile old



A tear-stained face looked at him fixedly for a long moment

phrases that she had heard so often? They hung stale in the pure air like the reek of essences. They had seemed true enough where she came from. Now it was as if a lie and a poison had gone out of her. But, above all, what manner of woman was she to flaunt the last glow of her belated prettiness in the eyes of this boy and use it to shame him out of his innocent ambitions! She had seen it set forth in color and music that winter what manner of person it was who had striven to turn Parsifal from his mission. Her cheeks grew as red as the painted ones of poor Kundry.

Must women be—like that—always? She grappled for an instant with an instinct as old as time, and conquered it by another instinct which—if we believed in certain things—we might claim to be older than time. When next her face was visible to him it was softened and maternal.

"What is your name?" she asked, and when he had told her:

"Alois—I am older than you think. I am so old that—if my boy had lived he might have been entering college this fall with you. Perhaps if he had lived I should have been different. I might have believed in things as you do. I have been telling you—not very cleverly—the sort of argument the world puts up against these ideas of yours. But just because I have been in the world longer than you have is no sign that I know it better. I am too near it, perhaps—



They sought the shade of the apple tree

and out of focus. Perhaps you get a correcter view of it from here."

The feverish light of his face was replaced by dismayed, ingenuous amazement when she disclaimed her youthfulness, but this gave place, slowly, to reverential awe.

She looked away with a bitter smile. It was hard to see that first look fade. It might be the last time she would ever see it in a man's face. She had renounced much, she felt—and yet how slight a thing it was, too! But one values a thing no less because it is evanescent.

"You as old as my mother!"

But after a few moments of troubled consideration he was able to accept the idea. She turned her face

quite frankly to the pitiless sunlight, and let him read what he liked in the fine traceries about her eyes and mouth. And he read it with the cruel tactlessness of his age and sex. Then, as a little boy might have done, he took one of her hands and pressed it to his cheek.

"Do you know, I'm glad about that—I thought you were young, like me, and it scared me—"

"Perhaps we would better study now," she said evenly. "If you are going to be ready for college in the fall you haven't much time to give up to entertaining chance visitors."

He obediently opened his "Iliad" somewhere in the fourth book.

"I'll look up the words," he said companionably, "and you translate."

AND so, with a brief interval for another meal of Indian pudding and milk, the day passed. They kept strictly to the books. Her old facility came back flying—she wondered from time to time at her memory, but did not stop to wonder long for fear of breaking the charm.

Once, as her restless fingers wandered in the grass while she read they plucked a leaf which she had almost torn apart, when she beheld in it the mystic quatrefoil of a four-leaf clover! Alois seemed cheered by the omen, and she pinned it to her dress.

As the shadows began to wheel their tips eastward, and the west took on gold, they swung to the conclusion of the fourth book of the "Iliad." Then Alois yawned and clapped his dictionary covers with drowsy triumph.

"If I only had you to help me every day," he said covetously.

"You must make the most of me while I last," she said, and plunged into the fifth book, but she plunged alone, for, looking up presently to see why a word she had inquired for was not forthcoming, she beheld the philanthropist and reformer sound asleep, and as he lay, his finger shut in the pages of the dictionary, he might, but for his bulk, have been a child of ten.

She gently abstracted the book and went on with her work like a beneficent brownie. Having recognized the yellow road that was to take her to the hotel, she knew that her departure need not take place for an hour or more.

She tore out a fly-leaf and wrote the translation. Something about the Berserker Diomed appealed to her and roused her. Why! Fighting of any sort was fine! Of course, the boy was right.

HALF-CONSCIOUSLY at first, her translation fell into the martial tread of pentameters. Perceiving this, she erased, coaxed, and paraphrased until she made her English something that might claim to be verse:

*"Then to Diomed, son of Tydeus, came  
Pallas, with strength and daring for his soul,  
That so he might surpass the other Greeks  
And win Fame's crown forever. On his helm  
And on his shield she placed unwearied fire,  
That he might flame among those lowering hosts,  
Like Sirius rising from his ocean bath.  
And so his shining head and shoulders plunged  
Into the thickest transport of the fight."*

"There," she said, chewing her pencil, "I'm not so ashamed of that."

The evening was now so far advanced that a faint but increasing point of light indicated the evening star, seeing which she knew she must hasten if she would be back at the hotel before the crowds were coming out of the dining-room. The star fitted well in her poem. She looked at it pensively for a while, and then back at the young face in the grass.

One of her many rings was an emerald, a treasure left from her distant girlhood, when she was as young as this boy. This she removed, forcing it gently over the tip of his little finger.

Then she shut the four-leaf clover and her penciled translation between the leaves of the "Iliad" at the fifth book and turned slowly away.

Her face quivered and broke in sudden tears.

She hurried back and knelt over him. Her lips touched his hair.

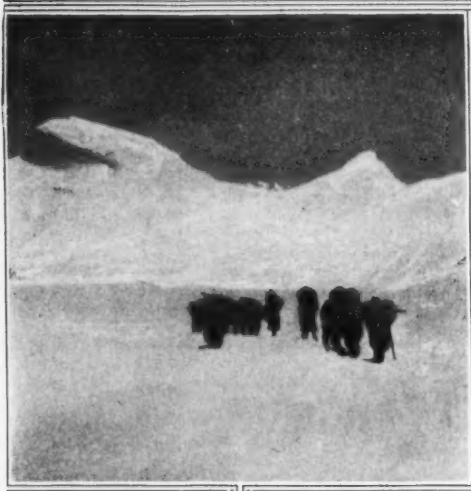
Then, rising, she ran swiftly across the field, her green dress softening into gray with the rest of the shadowed landscape.

# CAMPING ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD



SHAFAT GLACIER, AT AN ELEVATION OF 19,000 FEET, IN THE NUN KUN RANGE OF THE HIGHEST HIMALAYAS

It is from this elevated glacial field that some of the highest, sharpest peaks of the Himalayas rise to an elevation of more than 23,000 feet. The view is from the east side of the peaks



A CARAVAN CROSSING SHAFAT GLACIER

Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman, veteran mountain climbers, recently returned to Paris from an exploring expedition into the Himalayas, in the course of which they climbed to the top of the second highest peak in the Nun Kun range in the province of Suru or Kashmir. They made camp at the highest altitude ever attempted—21,300 feet. This was on a great snow plain; and from the camp the two climbed together to a height of 22,720 feet. Here Dr. Workman stopped to secure the photographs here published, but Mrs. Workman continued on to the top of the peak, 23,300 feet. This record has been surpassed only once—by Dr. Workman in 1903, when he climbed the Chogo Lungma



CAMPING AT AN ALTITUDE OF 21,300 FEET



COOLIE GUIDES USED BY DR. WORKMAN

On their latest expedition into Kashmir last summer Dr. Workman and his wife traveled 200 miles in a tonga after leaving the railway at Rawalpindi, and then spent fourteen days, accompanied by guides and porters, in climbing up to an elevation of 19,000 feet. Here the coolies stopped, and Dr. and Mrs. Workman made a circuit of the range. After that the peaks were attempted. The highest of the group they found to be absolutely inaccessible, and the second in height presented great difficulties. The rocks were brittle, landslides frequent, and in places the ice-walls sloped dangerously. During the last few days of their climb the explorers found the air so rare that they could not sleep



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE HIGHEST PEAKS OF NUN KUN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. WORKMAN FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 22,720 FEET

Mrs. Workman climbed the peak in the foreground, an elevation of 23,300 feet, a record only once surpassed—by Dr. Workman in 1903, when he climbed to a height of 23,394 feet



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

## THE IRREPRESSIBLE TARIFF

THE pleasant little "gentlemen's agreement" by which the tariff was to be taken out of politics until the spring of 1909 is showing signs of strain. The idea upon which President Roosevelt and the Standpatters agreed was that there should be no revision under the present Administration. The new Republican President to be elected next year, the Democrats being a negligible quantity, was to call an extra session of Congress immediately after his inauguration, and then the tariff was to be altered in a quiet, decorous way which would satisfy the people without disturbing any protected interest.

But this agreeable program finds itself in danger from two or three quarters. Even on the Republican side the harmony is not perfect. Secretary Taft, the Administration's chosen candidate, is restive under the delay. He believes that revision ought not to wait. For the Philippines, for instance, two years of postponement mean two years of blighted hopes and growing discontent. When the Secretary meets the first Filipino Assembly it will be embarrassing for him to tell it that the exigencies of party politics require the islands to endure injustice until our rule there is in its eleventh year.

And then the Democrats, negligible as they have seemed to be, refuse to remain decorously dead, and give every indication of intending to make themselves an annoyance in the Presidential campaign. Massachusetts is a region in which they are able to make themselves particularly annoying already, because both parties in that ancient Commonwealth are infected with the virus of immediate revision. A number of the Democratic leaders of Massachusetts assembled on the seashore on August 10 to devour clams and talk politics. Mr. Henry M. Whitney, President Emeritus of the Ananias Club, "struck the keynote" of the gathering in his audacious remarks upon the tariff. "Massachusetts," he declared, "has played second fiddle long enough to Pennsylvania, and if I do not mistake the drift of public sentiment, she desires to be recorded as in favor of tariff revision, not years hence, but now." The policy which Massachusetts favored, in Mr. Whitney's view, was that of "entirely removing the duties on food supplies and the raw materials of our industries, together with pig iron and steel billets, and of a gradual scaling down of all duties to a basis that is reasonably protective only." That, of course, is not a radical free-trade policy. It is not as far as most Democrats would have been willing to go in 1892, or even as far as such Republicans as Garfield and Allison would cheerfully have gone thirty-five years ago. It is simply reasonable instead of unreasonable protection. Of course it has the weakness of being too markedly in the special interest of Massachusetts. Immediate free trade in raw materials and food products and only a gradual scaling down of the duties on manufactured goods to a reasonably protective basis is a policy that would need considerable explaining before it would be welcomed by the States that turn out crude products. But the discontent of Massachusetts with the present situation, keeping Senator Lodge always on the defensive, makes the position of the Standpatters increasingly precarious.

One point upon which New England and the Northwest can agree is the removal of obstructions to our trade with Canada. Here it is truly "a condition and not a theory that confronts us."

EDITED BY  
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

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Canada is our third best customer in the world. She buys more from us than any other country except England and Germany, and more than twice as much as we buy from her. She has adopted a tariff under which countries that grant favors to her receive favors in return. At present American goods pay the highest of the three Canadian scales of duties. It is a serious question for all the States along the border, and to some extent to producers in all the others, whether American goods are to be penalized in what ought in a few years to be their best market.

## MR. ROCKEFELLER, BOY

IF any attempt is made to hold Mr. John D. Rockefeller personally responsible for the sins of the Standard Oil Company, he may be able to escape on the ground that he is a minor. According to his family physician, Dr. H. F. Biggar, Mr. Rockefeller is now only fourteen years old. A dozen years ago, when he should have been in the prime of life, he was pointed out as the awful example of an American business wreck. He was supposed to have no stomach, and to live on crackers and milk. Now he is sixty-eight, and "the best trained athlete in the sixty-year-old class in the world to-day." "He has been born twice physically," the physician asserts. "He is growing up again, and growing up scientifically, adding to his muscle, to his lungs, to his heart-power with every breath of fresh air he takes on Forest Hill, and with every drive he makes with the golf club."

This transformation has been effected by three things, rest, exercise, and play. Dr. Biggar's prescription was: "Drop all business cares, take regular exercise, keep in the open air, forget everything but play, and play as though your life depended upon it." It cost Mr. Rockefeller five million dollars—possibly three months' income—to follow directions. That is the number of dollars that got away from him, according to his estimate, by reason of his dropping business cares. But in return he has acquired a constitution that bids fair to carry him past the age already reached by his mysterious father, who is now ninety-four. That will give him a new business life longer than the one that has elapsed since the formation of the Standard Oil Trust in 1882.

## UNEASY WALL STREET

A CONSIDERABLE part of the financial community has worked itself into a state of nerves that makes it jump at shadows. Pondering on the \$29,240,000 fine upon the Standard Oil Company, assisted, perhaps, by an uneasy conscience, has convinced it that most of the corporations in the country are in danger of similar fines. Attorney-General Bonaparte said that every effort would be made to collect the penalty from Standard Oil if the conviction should be affirmed on appeal, and he added that while there might not be assets that could be reached, nevertheless there were "means of persuasion" which could sometimes be used. Moreover, a corporation unable to pay its fine might be put into the hands of a receiver until the fine should be worked out, "and the Government would be pretty likely to have something to say about the appointment of such a receiver." The Attorney-General intimated that the Government would "impartially and inflexibly take up all such prosecutions" where the evidence justified a reasonable expectation of conviction. To the extent of its power the Department of Justice would act on General Grant's admonition: "Let no guilty man escape," and add: "Nor any guilty corporation." But Mr. Bonaparte thought that "a better moral effect would be produced by sending a few prominent men to jail than by a great deal of litigation, however successful, against the corporations they controlled."

The nerves rasped by these ominous words found no relief in looking toward the battlefield on which the Governments of Virginia, North Carolina, and Alabama were harrying the Southern Railway. The Southern had surrendered all along the line. It recovered its forfeited license in Alabama by agreeing to obey the laws reducing passenger rates from three to two and a half cents per mile, and cutting down the freight charges on a hundred and ten articles to the rates prevailing in Georgia. The reductions were to remain in effect pending the final settlement of the cases in the Federal courts. A convention of State Attorneys-General at St. Louis to concert schemes for a general legal attack on the trusts was the finishing stroke. Wall Street said that the country was in a frenzy of anti-corporation rage, and stocks came down with a run.

As a matter of fact, there was very little anti-corporation rage. There was, indeed, a settled determination that certain practices now universally recognized as criminal, should cease. This was the explanation of the Standard Oil fine. There are certain people who lack delicacy of perception. They do not readily respond to hints, but it is said of them that they will take notice when a house falls on them. For twenty years the Government had been hinting to the Standard Oil and certain other industrial corporations on one side and the railroads on the other that it did not wish them to conspire to create inequalities in rates. These hints proving ineffective, it seemed to Judge Landis that the time had come to drop, if not a house, at least a fair-sized bungalow, on the heads of the offenders. The results answered expectations. But there is evidently no reason why the incident should disturb honest corporations, since all they have to do to avoid similar experiences is to refrain from criminal practices.

As far as the situation in the South is concerned, it certainly has its disquieting aspects. Nevertheless, the fury of the Governors of North Carolina and Alabama does not, as Wall Street seems to

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believe, portend the complete destruction of corporate rights. The Southern Railway has not surrendered its right of access to the Federal Courts, and no State officer has suggested any intention of resisting a judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States if that tribunal shall decide that the laws in dispute are unconstitutional. All that has been settled is that the railroad shall give the law the benefit of the doubt until a decision is rendered, instead of following the usual corporate course of treating every distasteful act of a State legislature as *prima facie* void and negligible, and throwing the burden of proving its constitutionality upon the State.

The practical effect of this new policy will be that in passing upon the validity of the various rate laws the courts will have some actual facts to go upon. A question of this kind is eminently one of fact. Whether a given rate is confiscatory or not depends upon the net income it brings in, and that can be determined by nothing but experience. The idea of the railroad managers has been that if they could offer a Federal judge some ingenious theoretical arguments to show that the legal rate would be likely to be unprofitable he should issue an injunction against its enforcement, and thus make it impossible for the law ever to have a real test at all. Some judges have agreed with this view. The arrangements concluded in North Carolina and Alabama, as well as the one decreed by the court itself in Missouri, will substitute experience for theory.

Our corporations are now suffering the pains of a transformation period. In Europe Government regulation is a matter of course. Corporations adjust themselves to it as naturally as a fish to breathing in water. Here our financiers still regard it as something strange, portentous, and unnatural. They have been so used to regarding themselves as above the law that they are honestly horrified and appalled by the startling conception of a law that is actually above them, and that must be obeyed. This is one of the cases in which familiarity will bring comfort. Half the effort and nervous strain expended in fighting laws will bring an easy adjustment to the necessity of obeying them.



## FROM CAPITOL TO JAIL

*Pennsylvania's swindlers are  
moving rapidly on their way*

THE report of the Investigating Commission brings the sordid story of the Pennsylvania State Capitol frauds to another stage. There was first the stage of complacent boasting of the magnificence of the work achieved. Next came the stage of partizan accusation, met by indignant partizan denials. Then followed the period of non-partizan investigation. Now comes the time of retribution. The investigators have reached the conclusion that John H. Sanderson, the principal contractor, was in collusion with Joseph M. Huston, the architect, and various State officials to defraud the State. Civil suits are proposed to recover nearly \$3,000,000 of the plunder, and criminal indictments are recommended against a number of the looters.

There was a difference of opinion at first about the policy of recommending action against individuals. The Republican members of the commission thought that it would be enough to state the facts and leave the responsibility for further proceedings to others. The Democrats insisted that the guilty should be branded by name, with definite recommendations for civil and criminal action, and they had their way.

## THE MOROCCAN WITCHES' CALDRON

*Troubles boiling over in one  
of the world's danger spots*



THE work of the Conference at Algeiras, which it was hoped had insured order in Morocco, is now undergoing a searching test. There have been unexpected delays in organizing the international police provided for by the Conference, and meanwhile the people of the seaports, native and European, have been living in a state of nervous tension. The war waged against the Sultan by the Pretender has dragged on with varying success. The outlaw Raisuli plunged the Government into the deepest embarrassment by his *coup* in seizing the Sultan's adviser, the Caid Sir Harry Maclean, who was a British subject, and using him as a hostage for the extortion of political blackmail. Finally a band of wild tribesmen invaded the seaport town of Casablanca, demanded that the works of harbor improvement under European direction cease, and then proclaimed a holy war, looted shops and attacked the European residents, killing five Frenchmen, two Italians, and one Spaniard. The rest of the Europeans took refuge in their consulates, whence most of them were shipped away from the town.

This outrage forced immediate action upon France and Spain, on whom rested the responsibility for maintaining order in Morocco. The French cruiser *Galilee* was promptly despatched to Casablanca, whither she was followed soon after by another French cruiser, the *Du Chayla*, and the Spanish cruiser *Don Alvaro de Bazan*. On the morning of August 4 the French landed a detachment of marines, who were fired upon by the Moroccan soldiers who had been holding the tribesmen in check under the directions of the native Governor. They fought their way to the French Consulate, and meanwhile the French ships opened a fierce bombardment, and landed additional forces. The Spanish cruiser also sent thirty men ashore. Hundreds of Moors were killed in these conflicts, during which the tribesmen got completely out of hand and committed frightful atrocities, from which the Jews were especial sufferers. At last the European forces succeeded in restoring order, and the Moorish garrison was disarmed. The place was occupied by three thousand French and some Spanish soldiers. They were practically



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It allays the painful sensation and hastens the return to normal conditions. "Mennen's" is also effective against those other skin-discomforts—prickly heat, chafing, "stickiness" after the bath or shave; and it deodorizes perspiration.

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Sample Free

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Sent free, for 2 cent stamp to pay postage, one set of Mennen's Bridge Whisk Talcum, enough for six tables.





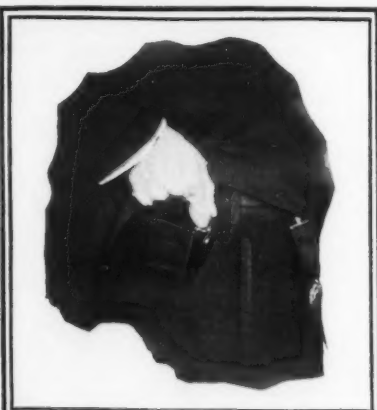
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They all want land of their own. Our farm lands in Texas and Colorado at \$12. to \$25. per acre are selling rapidly and must soon double in value. Ask Geo. H. Heafford, 277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

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**SCHOOL FOR BOYS.** Philadelphia Faculty and equipment unexcelled. Ten boarding pupils taken.  
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besieged by the tribesmen, twenty thousand of whom attacked the town on August 9, but were repulsed. Undiscouraged, the wild horsemen repeated their assaults incessantly. The news of these events excited the natives in all directions, and disorders occurred at Tangier, Mazagan, and other places. The idea of a holy war spread to ever more menacing proportions. Such a struggle, if it should come in earnest, would threaten French supremacy in Algeria and Tunis, and might not subside until it had shaken even British rule from Central Africa to India.

The French proceedings in Morocco have been watched by Germany with ill-concealed jealousy. There has been nothing to which formal objection could be made, but the measures made necessary by the present crisis are evidently leading toward that practical annexation of the country which it was the object of the Kaiser's visit to Tangier to prevent.



### CHINA SWEARING OFF

Canton joyfully joins the  
anti-opium procession

**B**y imperial edict all the opium dens of Canton were closed on August 9. The city welcomed the reform as joyously as Georgia welcomed the departure of the saloon. Processions with bands of music paraded through gaily decorated streets. There was every indication that the great work of national regeneration undertaken by the imperial authorities—the greatest ever attempted by any nation—was backed to the fullest possible extent by popular sentiment.

It is estimated that thirty per cent of the population of China use opium. This enormous deduction from the vital force of the nation has been believed by Chinese patriots to be one of the causes of the lethargy that in recent years has brought the Empire so near to ruin. The wonderful awakening that has transformed the nation's moral and intellectual life could not leave the festering opium vice untouched. The Government, with the hearty good-will of the people, has undertaken to root out the opium habit throughout all China within the next ten years. Consideration will be shown for opium-users over sixty years old, but those who are younger must diminish their consumption of the drug by twenty per cent a year, and nobody who has not already acquired the habit is to begin hereafter.

This reform would have been carried through over sixty years ago, when the work would have been much easier, if England had not forced opium upon China for the benefit of her Indian revenues. That crime will not be repeated, for the British conscience is more sensitive now than it used to be. But the Chinese opium trade is still such an important factor in the financial system of India that its suppression will be a serious addition to the list of troubles with which the Indian Government is struggling. As lately as 1880 an Anglo-Indian statesman said in the House of Commons: "If the Chinese must be poisoned by opium, I would rather they were poisoned for the benefit of our Indian subjects than for the benefit of any other exchequer." The production of opium is a Government monopoly in India. The cultivators of the poppy receive Government advances; they are obliged to sell their crops to Government agents, and the opium is prepared in Government factories for export to China. This financial battening of one nation on the moral ruin of another will soon have to stop.

### THE NECESSARY STRAPHANGER

In New York the trains are run for his accommodation—no straphangers, no trains



**T**HE committee of the Civic Federation which visited Europe to study the workings of municipal ownership might find material for an appendix to its report in the investigation of transit conditions in New York undertaken by the Public Service Commission. The Commission was fortunate enough to find a candid witness in General Manager Frank Hedley of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. It had been the accepted corporate theory, for publication, that the indecent crowding on the Elevated and Subway lines was due to natural conditions which could not be avoided. The public had been uneasily conscious of a diminished service on the Elevated after the opening of the Subway, but it had no official information on the subject. Under the gentle questioning of Mr. Ivins, counsel for the commission, Mr. Hedley admitted that the prevailing impression was correct. The company was not running as many trains as it could, except at certain hours. The reason was that if it did that there might sometimes be some empty seats. The company did not consider a train needed unless all the seats were filled and some passengers were standing.

It turned out that by an ancient provision in the charter of the company which holds the Elevated franchises passengers who do not have seats at ordinary times are not obliged to pay fares. The public had forgotten that, but the company had guarded against possible trouble by having the passengers drop their tickets in boxes before the trains came in. Then if they found they had to stand they could be asked politely what they expected to do about it.

When the Manhattan Railway Company ran the Elevated roads independently it used to jog along comfortably, paying four per cent dividends, and running as many trains as it conveniently could. In its last year of independence it raised its dividend rate to six per cent. When the Interborough swallowed it, seven per cent dividends were guaranteed for nine hundred and ninety-six years, whether earned or not. That made the cultivation of the straphanger a financial necessity. The subsequent amalgamation with the surface lines, the whole mixture dissolved in ninety-seven millions of new water, put the whole system, each of whose parts separately had been a profitable institution, in a state of financial dropsy that made the indulgence

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Industries large and small—  
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Koppel is a town full of opportunities. Write to-day for the booklet.

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Hard or soft coal, slack, wood or cornucobs—it warms the house completely with any fuel. Burns clean with almost no ashes. We sell this wonderful heater direct to user, saving you all dealer's and middle man's profits. We pay the freight.  
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As well as at meal times, is the Ideal Food for Growing Children. Easy to digest and insures perfect health and good nature. Grown-ups find in EGG-O-SEE strength and energy to work on. EGG-O-SEE is the perfectly balanced whole wheat food, and is Ideal for Hot Weather.

**Wholesome—Strengthening—Cooling**

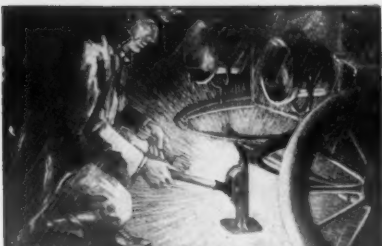
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Costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Large package 10c.

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This company's plan has been approved by state and national authorities—  
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The inner bowl is the tobacco bowl, the bottom of which is perforated. Between the inner bowl and the outer bowl is an air chamber which condenses the nicotine oil, ammonia and other deleterious elements causing them to drop to the bottom where they remain. The cool smoke rises and is drawn into the stem through the upper part of the saliva well. Notice the position of the saliva well at the bottom of the stem.

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of any sentiment of consideration for the comfort of patrons an unattainable luxury.

The cars that slop through this swamp of high finance on Manhattan are connected with the almost inconceivably bad private trolley system of Staten Island by a municipal ferry. The boats are the largest and finest on the waters about New York; every passenger gets a seat, even in the rush hours, and the management, even under a Tammany administration, is so perfect that the Staten Islanders gather strength from that part of their daily journeys to endure the rest. To be sure, the line is losing money. It is the one part of New York's transportation system that is not run exclusively for profit.

## ISING CHICAGO

Now the fourth city in the world and reaching out for third place



THE Census Bureau defends its amusing estimates of population between censuses on the ground that while they may not be very accurate in details they average pretty well. That is to say, while they may give Seattle only half as many people as she really has, they are likely to even things up by doubling the population of Hackensack, so that everybody ought to be happy. But while the census officials are taking this broad, philosophical view of things, there is one class of statisticians to whom the lowly details of the population of individual localities are not insignificant. The directory-makers carefully study the conditions of a single city, and while they have sometimes been suspected of erring on the side of liberality they can proudly challenge the finger of detraction to point out an instance in which they have failed to put their figures high enough.

The Chicago directory has just computed the population of the Western metropolis for 1907. It has reason to be astonished at its own moderation, for its estimate of 2,367,000 is practically no greater than would be given by a continuation of the actual rate of increase between the censuses of 1890 and 1900. But even so the figures are eloquent. Chicago seems to have gained 66,500 inhabitants—the population of a city like Utica—in the last year. She is more populous than Berlin, and is crowding Paris. In 1900 Berlin exceeded Chicago, which was then the fifth city in the world. The two have changed places since, and Chicago is now the fourth. Within the next ten years she will probably push Paris out of the third place. It will be a long time before she can expect to rise higher than that. When she does reach second place, it will be London, not New York, that will be left in third.



## THE LIBERIAN REFUGE

Opportunities in Africa for Discontented American Negroes

THE Republic of Liberia has nine Senators. One of them, the Hon. R. H. Jackson, is visiting the United States, and has expressed some interesting opinions about his country as a refuge for the American negro. Senator Jackson sees no hope for the negroes in America, and believes that all who have the means should seek homes in Liberia. "The people here," he remarks, "tell me that some day they will have a share in the government, but I tell them that that will never be. They must be equal in brains, equal in purse, and equal in numbers before they can hope for that, but there is no immigration of negroes to this country and the whites are continually coming in from all parts. The negroes can only dwindle in numbers." In Liberia those who are willing to work can do well, and no others are wanted. The pioneers "went to Africa newly released from slavery. They were spurred on to face all sorts of hardships by the thought that they would be free, and they succeeded." Now many of their descendants, lacking that inspiration, have fallen into shiftless ways. The country wants workers. It is a land of small farms, usually of five or ten acres each. The largest farm in the Republic is not over a hundred acres. It may be of interest to mention at this point that according to the report of Consul General Lyon, at Monrovia, Liberia has reached the automobile stage of civilization. The Liberia Development Company is building a motor road thirty-five miles long to its rubber fields, and already has two capacious cars in service, carrying both passengers and freight.

Senator Jackson advises old men to keep away from Liberia. "The people that we want," he says, "are the young and vigorous." As it happens, that is precisely the arrangement that would be of most assistance in solving the race problem in this country. The emigration of a considerable number of the young and vigorous among the American negroes would check the natural increase of the race here and transfer it to Africa. There are seven States in which the negro population is more than one-third of the total, and these are substantially all in which the race question may be called a "problem." If the proportion there could be reduced the danger would disappear. The transfer of a few hundred thousand persons, of the right ages and from the right localities, would dispel the storm cloud that seems to many to be hanging over our national future. Instead of being a task of impossible magnitude this would be a small undertaking compared with the work private agencies are doing in bringing immigrants from Europe. At the same time it would give Liberia a needed accession of strength and open to ambitious negroes a wide field of activity and honor. The Government of the United States might find many worse uses for its money than in helping such a movement.

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## \$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 days from an investment of \$150.00



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Fall is in many respects an ideal time for painting. No frost or moisture below the painted surface to seep out and ruin the paint film.

We strongly recommend painting in the Fall; but read our book first.

It is easy to know the vital points about paint—what the best wearing materials are and how to test them; what colors harmonize and what ones are the most durable; why ochre is very bad for priming, and why both white lead and linseed oil must be free from adulteration.

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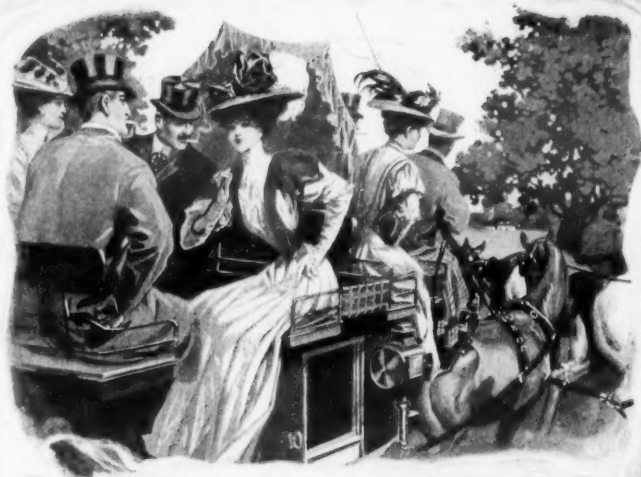


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are cool and comfortable because they allow perfect freedom of motion and permit refreshing air to reach the pores.

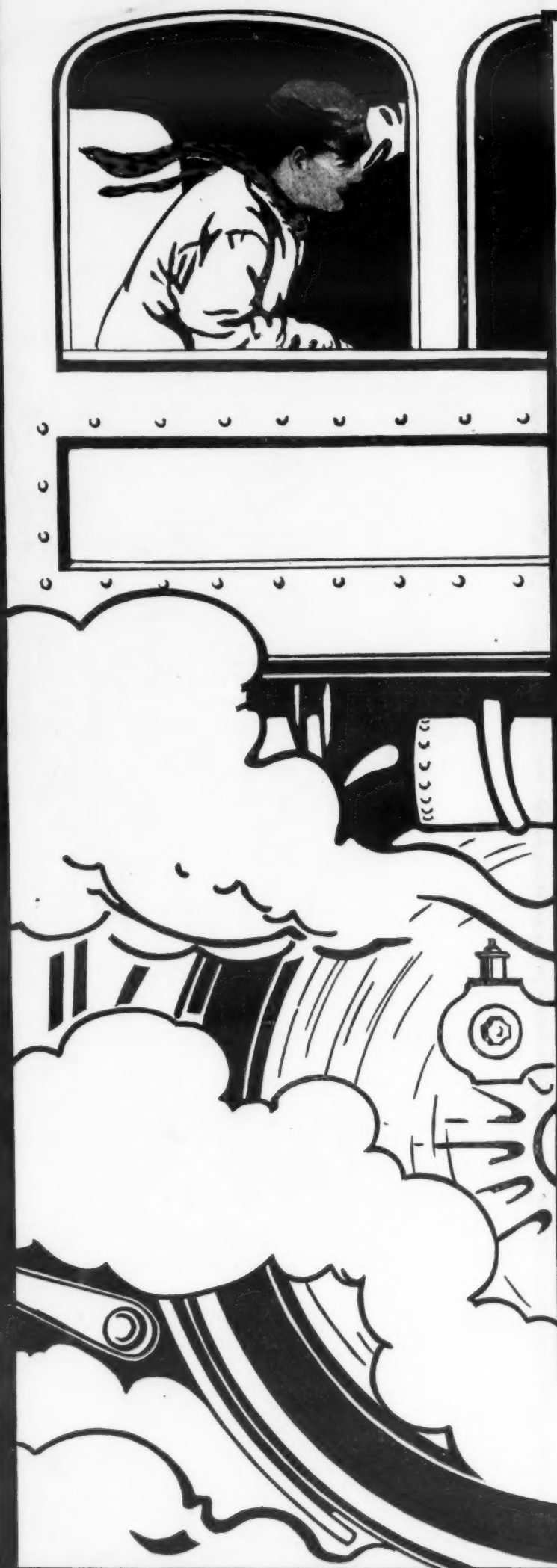
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a food that is rich in the proteids—the fuel that enables the human body and mind to “do things.” It contains all the muscle-making, brain-building elements in the whole wheat grain made digestible by cooking, shredding and baking.

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A breakfast of SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT will supply the energy for work or play. TRISCUIT is the same as the biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer. It is used as a Toast with butter, cheese or marmalades. It is an ideal food for flat-dwellers, light housekeepers, campers, for picnics, for excursions on land or at sea.

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